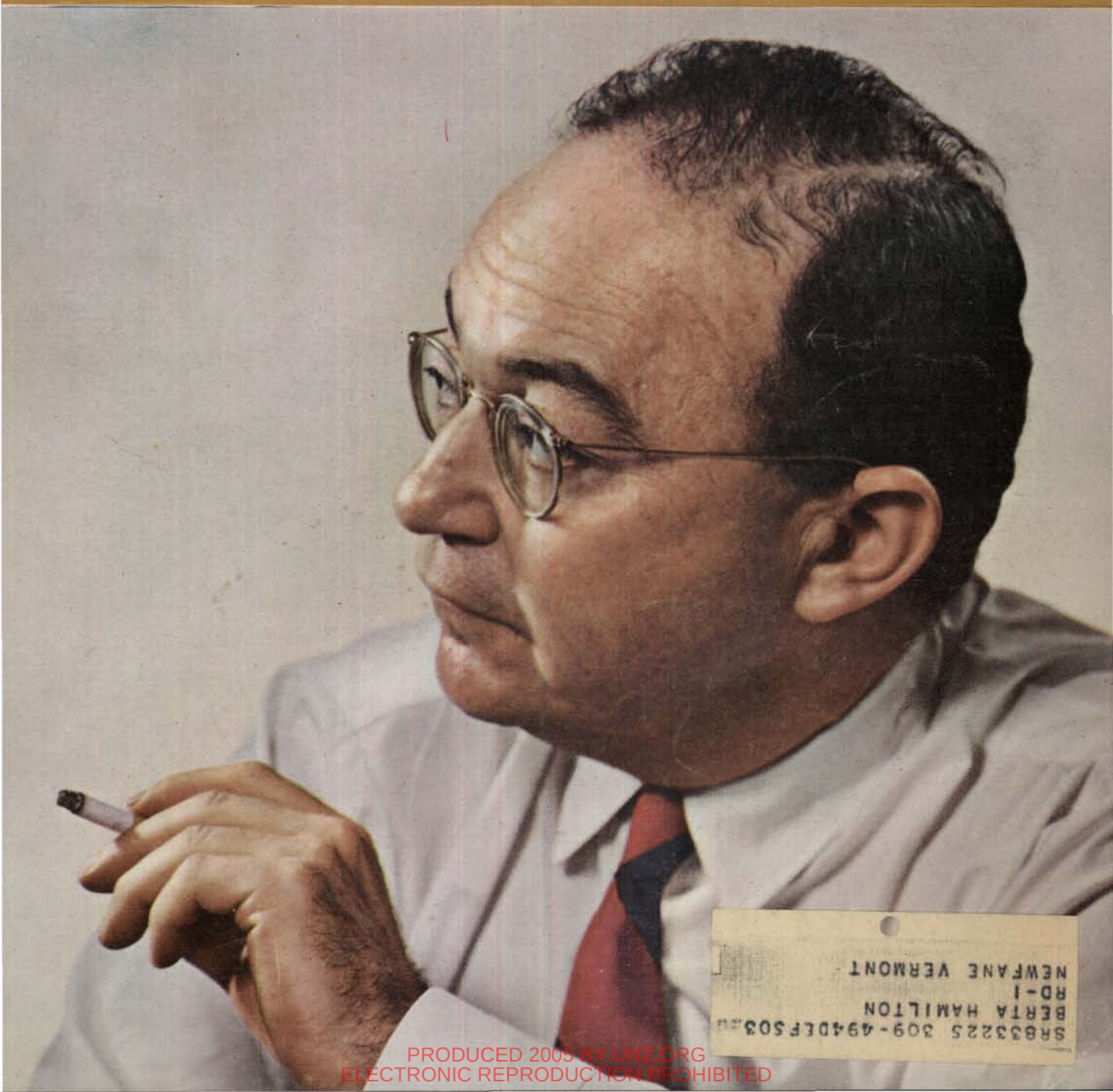
Saturday Review

July 10, 1965 25¢

A HISTORIAN LOOKS AT OUR POLITICAL MORALITY

By Henry Steele Commager

Theodore H. White, author of "The Making of the President—1964" (See Books)



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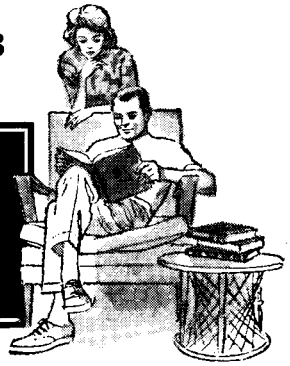

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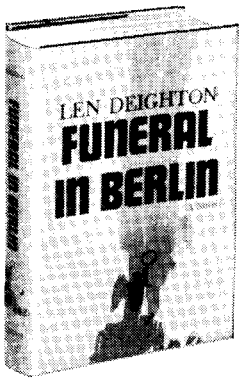

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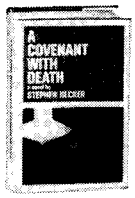

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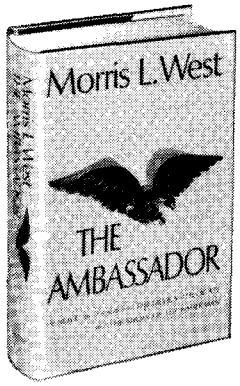

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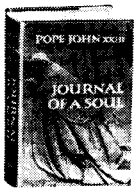

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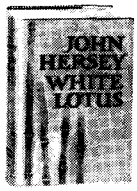

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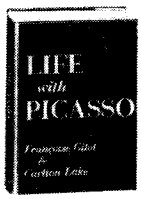

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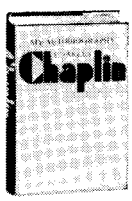

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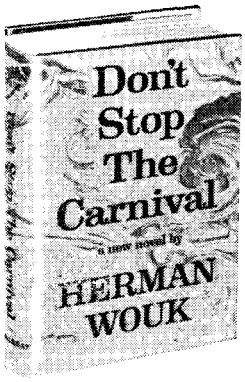

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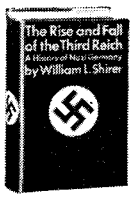

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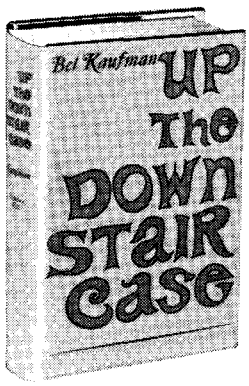

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(Advertisement)

"If I had been walking naked behind you, they wouldn't have noticed."

These are the first words out of the mouth of a babe named Marie, who has just followed one of the best-stacked Personnel ladies in all of corporate America down the hall to her office.

But striking as the Personnel lady is, with her mouth-watering, throat-drying, sensationally "articulated" figure, it is Marie herself who quickly captures center stage in the dizzyingly, dazzlingly funny new novel by Alfred Grossman called *Marie Beginning*.

The danger in trying to convey one's personal enthusiasm for a funny book or movie or Broadway show is that you can easily oversell. Therefore, I don't want to add more adjectives like the above to this description. But you should know that Marie is about eighteen, worldly beyond her years, has never even been wet behind the ears, and she simply manages to re-shape the world—at least her constantly enlarging sector of it—as she sees fit, using blackmail, honesty, ingenuity, and her sex.

The other thing you should know is the name of Alfred Grossman. His novel, *Many Slippery Errors*, was said by James Frakes of *Book Week* to be "potentially capable of doing more damage to the American Establishment and the packaging of glib sociology and mass psychologizing than any novel since [Heller's] 'Catch-22' or [Barth's] 'End of the Road.'" *Newsweek* called him a "master parodist" who was "always funny and always serious." What I like is the way, unlike many new humorists, he scorns archness and gets you involved. I admire Mr. Grossman but I love Marie, and hoped throughout that *Marie Beginning* would never end.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Marie Beginning ($4.50) by Alfred Grossman is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 17116 Kercheval Avenue, Grosse Pointe, Michigan.

Saturday Review

July 10, 1965

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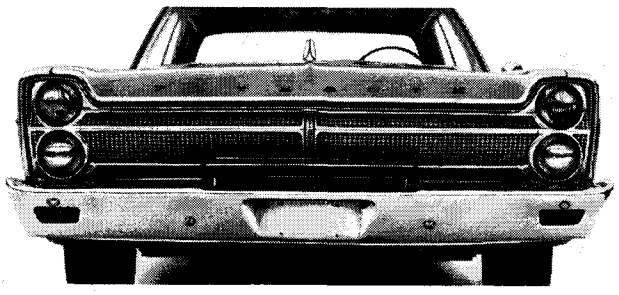

Do they make them like they used to?

That's not what Detroit says.

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Figure it out. We get rid of a car before the warranty is up, so Plymouth foots the bill if anything goes wrong.

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The Further Adventures of Ulisse

Edited by Martin Levin

Berth Notice

A Pullman car is quite discreet,
Revealing shoes but seldom feet.
And hardly anywhere on earth
Are you as safe as in a berth.
A convent wall is not more certain
To guard you than this breadth of curtain,
Behind which you may sleep in style
And hear men snore across the aisle.

—ELEANOR GRAHAM VANCE.

Pflaaaap! Peeeeee!

"POOR jugginses," thought Mr. Leopold Bloom as, walking through the Dublin morning of James Joyce's *Ulysses* on June 16, 1904, he passed some horses crunching the oats in their long nosebags. A moment of pity; then quick recovery and the mental note: "Still their neigh can be very irritating."

Joyce never wasted a word of his vast mosaic, and in the grand finale of the Circe episode when all the encounters and associations of the day return in explosive Nighttown recognition, we hear the awaited neigh: "Hohohohohohoh! Hohohohome!" Is Bloom annoyed? He is not, and I think the goodhearted canvasser, who liked the Italian language but had little of it save a few phrases from Don Giovanni, might even have enjoyed it when, as in *Ulisse*, the Italian translation, *il cavallo nitrisce: "Cahaaaaahaa! Caaaaacasaaa!"*

Poor juggins, indeed! *Il cavallo* was no simpleton. He wanted to go home, *a casa*; and so he does as "the car jingles tooraloom" in English and *"la vettura tintinna trallalla"* in Italian.

Since Italians never use the letter *w* except in foreign words, I am not surprised that the retriever which barks "Wow, wow, wow" in Ulysses should bark *"Bau, bau, bau"* in *Ulisse*. But I am puzzled by the capricious behavior of the nanny goat that bleats "Megegaggegg! Nannannanny!" as Irish nanny goats always do, but then, in *Ulisse*, unaccountably switches to Italian after getting off to a good start: "Megegaggegg! *Caprepreeeeee*!" It seems to me that an Italian goat that can manage the guttural "Megegaggegg!" would prefer "Nannannanny" to "*Caprepreeeeee*!"

Joyce was a good tenor and the Irish people generally love song, and it is hardly strange, therefore, that amid the hilarity of Bella Cohen's bordello that night the medical student Lynch, pommelling the sofa, should bring forth a Rmm Rmm Rmm Rrrrrrmmmmm, which strikes me as a pleasant ruminative sound. But the Italian ear insists on something less bland, and, in *Ulisse*, Lynch, *stamburregiando sul sofa*, produces a livelier air: *"Bereben ben ben berebenbenbenben."* I suppose it's a matter of mood.

It isn't as easy to understand why Joyce's "Pflaaaap!" should yield to the Italian *"Peeeeee!"* What on earth is wrong with "Pflaaaap"? It is as loose as a torn sheet in a drafty backyard. It is inconclusive, it alerts the mind. "Peeeeee" is as weak as air escaping from a punctured vacuum tin.

The Italians do better with the quoits of Molly's brass bed, which go Jigjag, Jigajiga. Jigjag. In *Ulisse* they sound *Dinden. Dindendan, Dinden.*

After this I couldn't help wondering what the Italian translators would do with the Dummymummy which says: Bbbbbllllllbbblblodschbg. This struck me as basic dummymummy speech, something as close to a universal tongue as we are likely to get. I was pleased to see that the Italian view coincided with mine. In *Ulisse*, the Dummymummy says: Bbbbbllllllbbblblodschbg.

—JOHN FERRIS.

Gallic Truth

When French friends fail to comprehend me
I think they're acting clannish
Until I check my dictionary
And find I'm speaking Spanish.

—DICK HAYMAN.

Diminished Returns

CLIVE WEED, cartoonist for the *Evening World*, both long since departed, told me a story that happened when he was an art student in Paris at the end of the last century.

He had an apartment in one of those large French buildings that had a courtyard in its center. In the courtyard there was a fountain where the daughter of the concièrge kept her small pet turtle. It occurred to Clive that you could buy turtles of all sizes at Les Halles, and this gave him an idea.

Usually, by the time he was ready to go home to bed, the market, Les Halles, would be open. So one morning he stopped there and bought a slightly larger turtle than the one in the foun-

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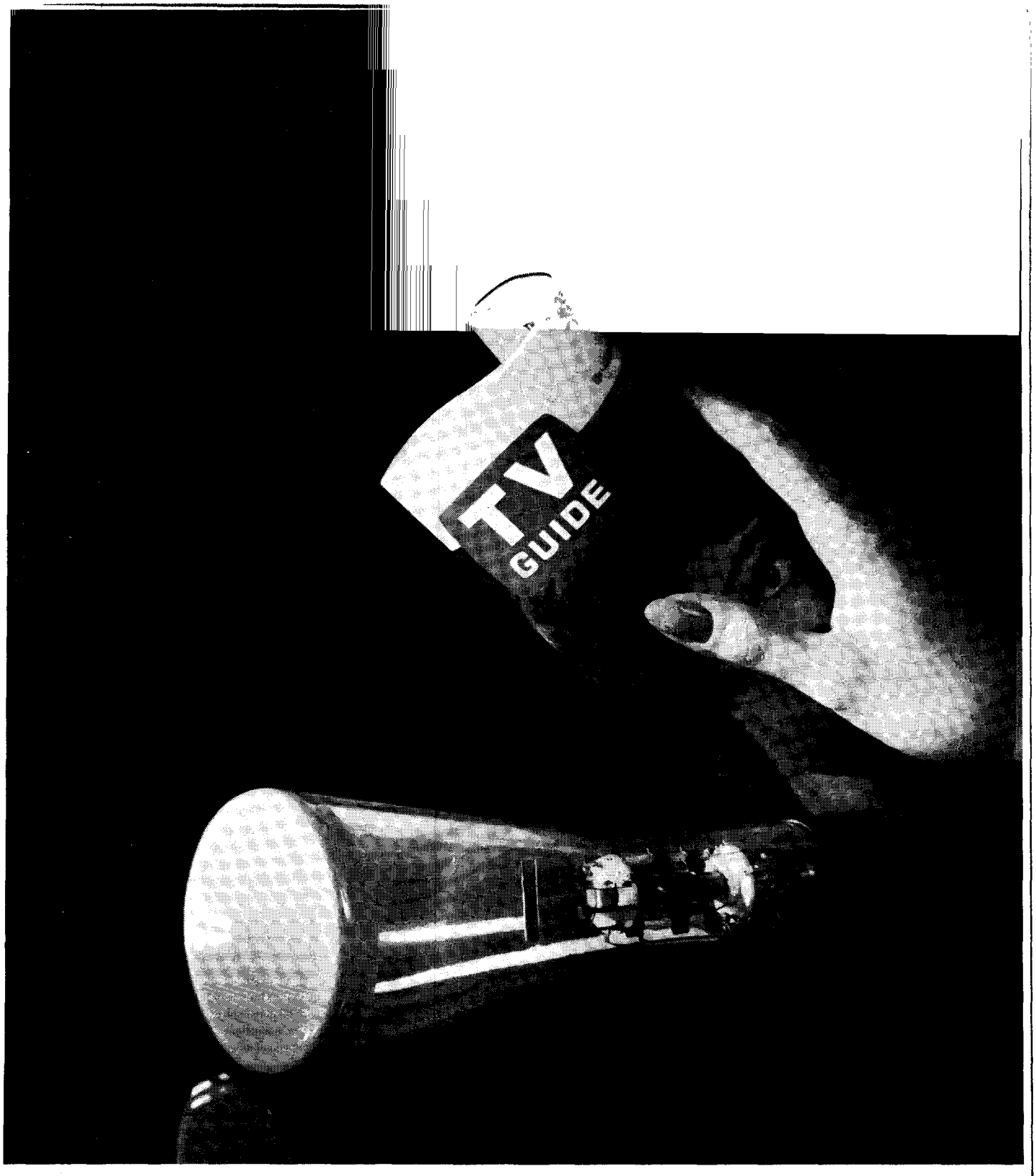

Ve Patent a Lot of Ideas Like This.

his experimental television tube was a iant even at 4" in 1930.

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"If we could first know where we are
and whither we are tending,
we could better judge what to do
and how to do it."

Abraham Lincoln

Surprisingly, one of the problems
in the art and science of chemical
research is deciding upon objectives.

The world is moving so rapidly,
and in so many different directions,
that selection has become
increasingly difficult.

And while ambitions may be infinite,
resources are finite--even in
large-size research organizations.

In making our research decisions
we try to remain flexible--ready
to match objectives and resources
with the varying needs of a world
in constant change.

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tain and substituted it. He continued this tactic every few days for several months. The astonishingly quick growth of this turtle not only surprised its little owner, but she called it to the attention of all her friends and the residents of the apartment house. There was a tremendous interest in the rapid growth of her pet. It became the talk of the neighborhood, and the fountain had a steady stream of visitors. When the turtle reached considerable size it stopped growing.

Then, some weeks later an even more exciting phenomenon took place—Clive resumed his early trips to the market and the turtle in the fountain gradually began to shrink in size. By now the entire population of the arrondissement took a lively interest. Crowds visited the fountain and watched the slow shrinking of the turtle. It was brought to the attention of some scientists, who offered no solution even if the obvious one had occurred to them.

When the turtle finally reached the tiny dimension of the original pet, it stopped growing one way or the other. The neighborhood went back to normal. The little girl continued to love and care for her pet but she looked to Clive a little forlorn—life had lost some of its flavor. —Howard Lindsay.

The Case of the Delicate Diplomat

"Snugly parked along the curb at the bus stop were three DPL cars. Double-parked alongside were four more.... The cop who asked them to move has been moved to a distant precinct."
—News Item.

Ambassador Asha of Syria
Considered his treatment inferia,
when asked to UN-park
His double-parked ark,
As traffic grew dreary and drearia.

Likewise double-parked was Nigeria
With Finland close by, in the rearia.
Now where is the cop
Who freed the Bus Stop?
He's taking the air in Siberia.
—Margaret Fishback.

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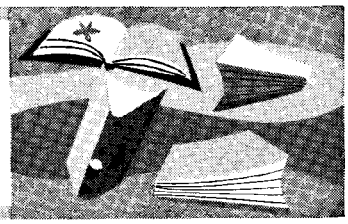
Trade Winds



There are at least two ways of looking at the marvelous new copying machines that are becoming so much a part of business today. One is from the point of view of the stockholder in the company that makes them. He is becoming a capitalist fast. The other is from that of the writer, who is in serious danger of being robbed blind.

The big battle in the publishing field

is over the changes in the copyright laws. The side of the artist is taken by the Authors Guild, for one, which demands greater protection for the writer. The villain (my editorializing) is the librarian, teacher, and educator who want to use the copying machines to reproduce pages from books without paying royalties and, of course, without buying more than one copy of the book.

There are 5,000,000 students now in American colleges and libraries. If, instead of buying textbooks, they could just pay a couple of pennies for the pages they needed—well, the mind reels at the implications (for the author and publisher, not for that stockholder). The difference in viewpoint is aptly illustrated by my reaction on hearing automation expert John Diebold discuss the "library of the future." He said that the library will have a book on tape. You don't even have to visit the place; you telephone and make your request. The librarian feeds it into that end. It comes out at your end, *printed.* Mr. Diebold described this enthusiastically. I listened in horror.

Here is what happened in a town near where I live. A little boy came home from school and told his mother there was a new fellow in the class.

"What is his name?" asked the mother.

"Alice."

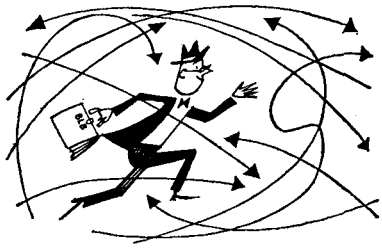
"Alice? Are you sure? That's a strange name for a boy," the mother said.

"That's *nothing*! He's teacher's pet already," her son said angrily. "She calls him dear. Alice, dear. Alice, dear. That's all we hear." He pouted and went out to play.

Later the mother found out that there was indeed a new boy in her son's class. He was a member of the McCabe family which had just moved to town. Alistair McCabe.

In 1945 when Ben Lucien Burman made plans to go up the Congo River and look for de Gaulle and the Free French, he was told that he was too old for such a strenuous adventure. He went and accomplished a journalistic scoop. He was forty-five years old at that time. When I read in the current *Reader's Digest* his story about the opal mines in central Australia, I wondered if anyone told him he was too old to be lowered in a bosun's chair into the miserable depths of the mine. If so, he went anyway. This is all very encouraging for writers many years younger who have nightmares about losing their touch. If Ben Burman can go on forever, why not all of us?

Burman recently returned from that Australian trip. He made a jaunt to the Bahamas and through the Okefenokee Swamp on the way back. His wife, artist Alice Caddy, goes with him on all these journeys. She draws pictures and talks to the women. The Australian trip was the second to that part of the world for them in four years. The first time he drove around Afghanistan in a Russian automobile. Being from Paducah, Kentucky, Burman considers himself a riverman more than anything. He has explored and written about most of the big American rivers, plus the Congo,



Niger, Rhine, and English canals. He has written sixteen books since his first novel in 1929. He has the manuscript for the next, *The Sign of the Praying Tiger,* at the typist's.

"I feel younger and peppier than I ever did," he grinned when telling me about all his activities. "And I even think I write better than I did. No retirement for me. When I go, I want it to be climbing Mount Everest or something. Preferably on the way down."

An eye-opening, frightening book is the new Penguin edition of Mitchell Gordon's *Sick Cities.* Here are four facts I pick at random from it:

1. The New York Public Library has eight full-time retrievers on its payroll, three of whom make their rounds fully armed. Their job is to try to get back borrowed books that book-lovers hate to part with. The library loses 25,000 volumes a year through non-returns.

2. More firemen lose their lives in traffic accidents on their way to fires than are killed fighting fires.

3. Artificial rainmaking, strongly ballyhooed just after World War II as a possible solution to the water ills of parched areas, is apparently destined for failure. The legal problems are insurmountable, especially from those who may claim "their" rain was intercepted.

4. Of $220,000,000 worth of accident-case awards made to 160,000 persons

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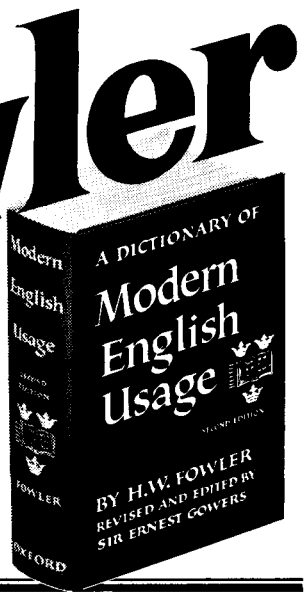

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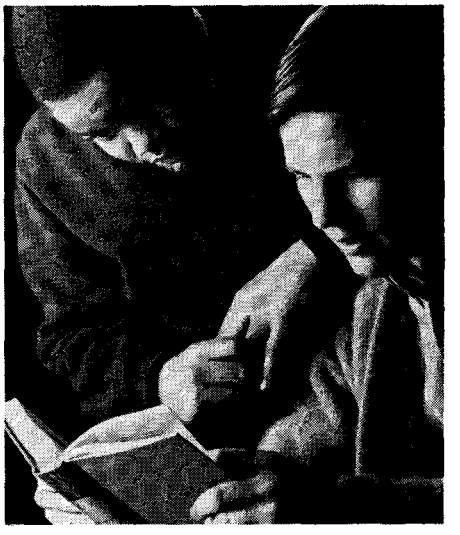

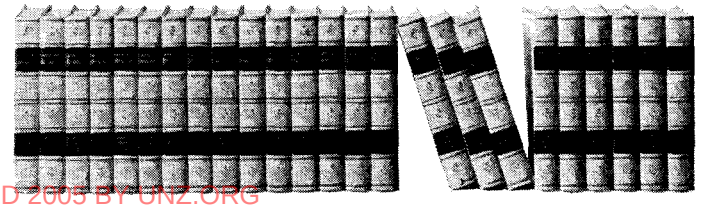

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in New York City in a recent year, more than $75,000,000 went to lawyers.

What happens in the freshman year at college in the second week after the start of classes and one or two weeks after Christmas vacation? Those are traditional periods of depression, I learned in *The College Student's Handbook* (White), by Abraham Lass and Eugene Wilson. There is a lack of confidence in the ability to survive, a lack of purpose, and a deep desire to go home or almost anywhere else. The first attack has homesickness as its taproot. Most students

won't admit to being homesick, so there is no discussion of it in student conversations. When I read about it in this book, I remembered how homesick I was when first away at school. It is one of the most agonizing experiences in life. It is interesting, but too late, for me to find out that it is very common.

Sharps and Flats: Judge Thurman Arnold, explaining why he resigned from the bench to go into law practice, said, "I'd rather spend my time talking to a bunch of damn fools than listening to a bunch of damn fools."

► A. Koppelman of Miami Beach bought a new television set the other day and filled out the little card they required for warranty. One of the questions asked: "Who selected set? Check one: ( ) Man ( ) Woman ( ) Both Together ( ) Child ( ) Other."

► Dell Publishing Company received this letter: "Dear Sir: I just want information. Would you consider a unique novel if I mailed it to you? I mean, for publication. My novel is on drug addiction, prison, and love. I have a comical imagination and that's the thing."

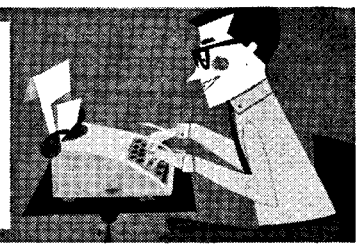
—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1630)

W. Whitman:
(SONG OF) THE OPEN ROAD

Lighthearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path . . . leading
wherever I choose.
Henceforth . . . I myself am good
fortune, . . .
I whimper no more, . . . need nothing;
Done with indoor complaints, . . .
Strong and content I travel the
open road.

Top of My Head



In the Bad Old Summertime

THIS IS the time of summer when we New Yorkers get long-distance phone calls from friends who say they're coming to see the World's Fair. And a gay, carefree lot they are.

That they haven't written or phoned us in some ten years doesn't seem to bother them at all. Their voices teeming with excitement, they shout, "How are you?" They don't wait for an answer. This is followed by "Long time, no see." That does it for me. I murmur something about long time no letter, birthday card, Christmas greeting, or get-well note.

"You sound great!" one hometowner said. "By the way, we're coming to New York to take in the World's Fair. I wonder if you could do me a little favor."

That's where I cut in:

"No, I'm sorry. I can't get you two tickets to *Hello, Dolly!* and I can't get you two tickets to *Fiddler on the Roof* and I can't get you two tickets to *The Odd Couple.*"

There was a short pause for station identification.

"How did you know I was going to ask you that?" he asked.

"Just lucky, I guess."

"Well, you're wrong. We wanted four tickets to *The Odd Couple!*"

I patiently explained that *The Odd Couple* is such a big hit they're selling tickets months in advance.

"You sure of that?" he said. "Because I called the box office several weeks ago and the operator told me the phone was temporarily disconnected. If they're doing that good how come they can't pay their phone bills?"

(Later I checked on this. The phone had been temporarily disconnected when the play first opened because, what with the lines at the box office and the phone calls, the ticket sellers were going slightly berserk.)

"Well how about four to *Hello, Dolly?* Is Carol Burnett still playing in that one?"

"No, Carol Burnett is not playing in *Hello, Dolly.*"

"Well, we wouldn't want to see it without Carol Burnett. That's out. Besides, Helen has her mind made up to see *The Odd Couple.* You sure you can't do anything about it?"

"About Helen's mind? No, I can't."

"I thought you had influence."

"Oh, I have," I said wanting to save face with the folks back home. "How about some other show?"

"Yeh? Like what?"

"Well—*Do I Hear a Waltz?*"

"A waltz? No that's Elaine playing her records."

"Elaine? Who's Elaine?"

"You remember Elaine. Our little girl —she's eight years old now."

Since I hadn't heard from him in ten years, I didn't know there had been an Elaine. Mathematically that works out, doesn't it? But mathematics means nothing to him. Neither does time. Nor does space in a hotel room, which he also asked for. He'd also read somewhere that you can get tickets to hit shows if you buy them in large blocks.

"Frank and Myrna are coming with us and Bill and Josephine are there already. Would it be easier to get six?"

I explained this is not the preferred large block. And I suggested that after he got here he might find another show they could all take in.

"Good idea," he said. "We were thinking of driving up there. But we decided to fly so we could spend more time with you. And we'll get out to the Fair the best way we can."

"How's that?" I asked. "By bus?"

"No."

"By taxi?"

"No."

"By subway?"

"No."

"I hate to tell you this," I said, "but our car is laid up in the garage. When were you figuring on coming here?"

"First two weeks in August."

"Well, isn't that a coincidence. We've been planning coming there the first two weeks in August and we hoped we'd be entertained by you and Helen and Ellen."

"Elaine," he said.

"Excuse me, Elaine."

"That's a bad break," he said.

"Well, that's life. Glad you called, though. Say hello to everybody."

"Yeh, same to you. And say hello to your wife, Mary."

"Jane," I said.

"Yah, and to Jane, too—how old is she now?"

"I don't know. She won't tell me."

As he was hanging up I heard him saying to his wife, "How big can you get? Can't remember old friends."

—Goodman Ace.

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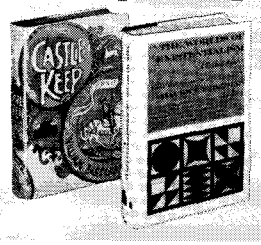

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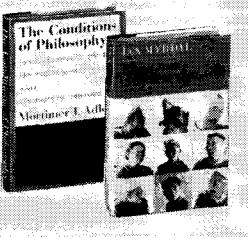

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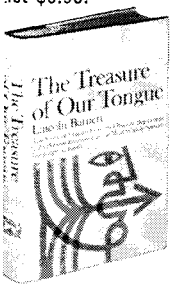

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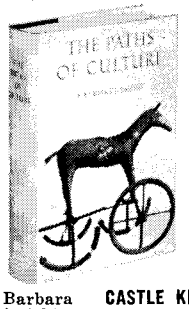

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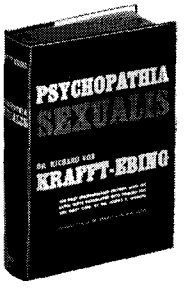

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Saturday Review
July 10, 1965

A HISTORIAN LOOKS AT OUR POLITICAL MORALITY

Recent events, notably in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, have prompted many people to wonder whether a change may be occurring in American political morality. Are we becoming less inclined to take into account the opinions of other nations? Are we more hardheaded, more "realistic"? In last week's issue of SR, those questions were explored by the poet Archibald MacLeish and by McGeorge Bundy, President Johnson's Special Assistant for National Security Affairs. SR continues this discussion in the following article by a distinguished historian.

"...Having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic and wicked...."
—Thomas Jefferson, 1801.

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

"EVERY philosophy," wrote Alfred North Whitehead, "is tinged with the coloring of some secret, imaginative background, which never emerges explicitly in its train of reasoning." True enough—though *never* is a pretty strong word here. What is the secret, or perhaps the inarticulate imaginative background, that colors American thinking about relations with other peoples and nations in the past and today? Is it not the once explicit and openly avowed, but now implicit assumption of American superiority, both material and moral, especially to lesser breeds without our law? Is it not the assumption that America is somehow outside the workings of history, above the processes of history, exempt from such laws as may govern history?

The origin of this attitude traces back to the generation that created the new nation and came to think of that nation as a people apart. It is rooted in the long-popular notion of New World innocence and Old World corruption, New World virtue and Old World vice, a notion that runs like a red thread through the whole of our literature from Benjamin Franklin to Henry James, and through our politics and diplomacy as well. It is connected with the convulsive fact of physical removal—the uprooting and transplanting to new and more fertile soil, with the phenomenon of a continuous westward emigration from the Old World, while so few went eastward across the ocean. It is related to the American priority in independence and in nation-making, with the glowing achievements of the new nation—religious freedom, for example, the end to colonialism, the classless society—and over the years it was strengthened by the argument of special destiny, and by the experience of abundance and freedom from Old World wars, and of growth even beyond the dreams of the Founding Fathers. No wonder the notion of a special providence and a special destiny caught the American imagination.

SOMETHING was to be said for all this in the early years of the Republic, when the American world was not only new but brave. Rather less was to be said for it as the nineteenth century wore on—the century that saw the new nation indulge in so many of the follies of the older nations: slavery, racial and religious intolerance, the disparity between rich and poor, civil war, imperialism, and foreign wars.

But even in the nineteenth century, perhaps especially in the nineteenth century, Americans developed the habit of brushing aside whatever was embarrassing that still characterizes them, the habit of taking for granted a double standard of history and morality. There were, to be sure, awkward things in our history, but somehow they were not to be held against us, somehow they didn't count. The conquest and decimation of the Indian didn't count—after all, the Indians were heathens—and when that argument lost its force, there was the undeniable charge that they got in the way of progress. The students of my own college celebrate Lord Jeffrey Amherst on all ceremonial occasions, but few of them remember that Lord Amherst's solution to the Indian problem was to send the Indians blankets infected with smallpox! How many of us, after all, remember what Helen Hunt Jackson called a "Century of Dishonor"? Or there was slavery; it was pervasive and flourishing, and slaveholders defended it as a moral good. Somehow slavery didn't count, either, because it was nature's way of bringing the African to Western civilization, or because it was all so romantic (only recently have we developed a sense of guilt here).

The Industrial Revolution, too, brought in its train most of the evils that afflicted Europe in these same stormy years, but that could all be put down as the price of progress, which is just what Herbert Spencer and his infatuated American followers did. And surely no one could assert that the price was too high. So, too, with what, in other nations, would be called imperialism, but with us was called "westward expansion"—manifest destiny working itself out in some foreordained fashion. The Mexicans do not take quite this view of the matter, but that has not

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troubled us. Even now we do not inquire quite as closely into the war-guilt question for the Mexican War, or the war with Spain, or the Filipino war, as we do for the Franco-Prussian War or World War I. Poets like William Vaughn Moody raised their voices in vain against the Philippine War:

Alas, what sounds are these that come
Sullenly over the Pacific Seas—
Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb
The season's half awakened ecstasies? . . .
Was it for this our fathers kept the law?
This crown shall crown their struggle and their truth?
Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
Mewing its mighty youth,
Soon to possess the mountain winds of Truth
And be a swift familiar of the sun . . .
Or have we but the talons and the maw. . . ?

But who now remembers William Vaughn Moody?

We are no longer quite so sure of the New World innocence and Old World corruption as in the past—sometimes we suspect it may be the other way around—but the older notions of American superiority, and of the exemption of America from the familiar processes of history persist. They were very much in the mind of Woodrow Wilson when he prepared to make the world safe for democracy. But then the world we made did not suit us at all; clearly we had been betrayed by the wicked diplomats of the Old World. We cut our losses and withdrew into isolation and watched the Old World destroy itself with a kind of malign satisfaction, meanwhile congratulating ourselves that we were not involved and that our irresponsibility was really a form of moral superiority.

FOR we were very sure of our own virtue, and we read history to discover that we were a peculiar people. Our history books exalted everything American. They contrasted our Indian policy with the wicked policy of the Spaniards—that was part of the black legend—conveniently overlooking the elementary fact that the Indian survived in Mexico and South America but not in the United States. They painted slavery as a romantic institution, or perhaps as a kind of fortunate accident for the Africans. They even ascribed the exceeding bounty of nature not to providence or to luck but to our own virtue. In recent years many of our spokesmen commit the vulgar error of identifying an economy based on unrestricted exploitation of natural abundance as "the American way of life," and of scorning less fortunate people for having fewer resources and a different, and obviously inferior, way of life. We forget Reinhold Niebuhr's admonishment that "The more we indulge in uncritical reverence for the supposed wisdom of the American way of life, the more odious we make it in the eyes of the world, and the more we destroy our moral authority. . . ."

During the great war we responded, generously and unselfishly, to the challenge that confronted us; this was, in a sense, our finest hour, too: Lend-Lease, the alliance with Britain, the acceptance of the Soviet as an ally in the struggle against tyranny, the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations and the far-sighted Marshall Plan, the response to the challenge of aggression in Korea. But the rising threat of Communism did what the actual attack by Nazi and Fascist powers had been unable to do. The prolonged struggle with Communism, which we sometimes call the Cold War, accentuated our innate sense of superiority. To vast numbers of Americans it justified—and apparently still does justify—resort to almost any weapons or conduct. For years now we have heard, and not from extremists alone, that the struggle between democracy and Communism is the struggle between Light and Darkness, Good and Evil, and that the moral distinction is an absolute one.

THE arguments that were invoked to justify religious wars and religious persecution in past centuries are invoked now to justify sleepless hostility to Communism—even preventive war. Happily, the extremists have not had their way in the conduct of foreign policy, but we know how effective they have been on the domestic scene, how they have denounced as traitors those who do not agree with them and persecuted them with relentless venom, how they have poisoned public life, and private, too, preaching hatred of Russia, hatred of Cuba, hatred of China—hatred directed toward all those who do not agree with them and with their easy remedies. Those hatemongers, sure of themselves and of their moral superiority, have not hesitated to ignore law and the Constitution when it suited their book or to lie and cheat and betray in what they complacently assumed was a good cause because they espoused it. In 1801 Jefferson warned

"Oh, Milton, you would have been terrific as the King of Scots!"

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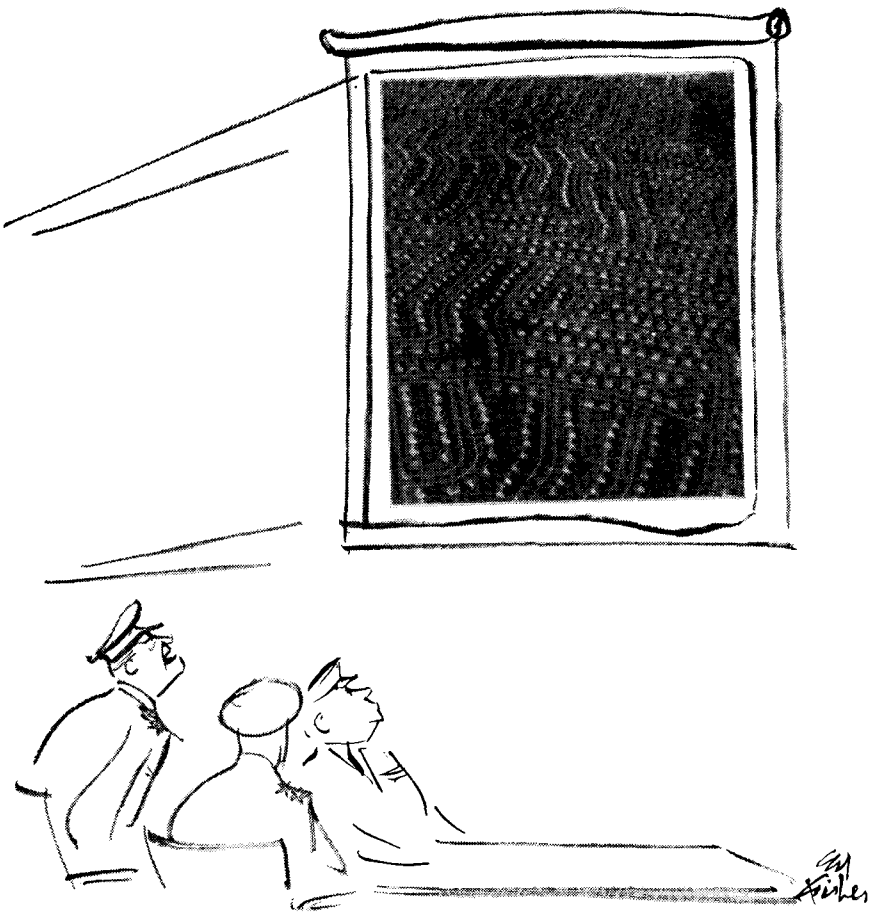

"Spy satellite, bah! That's Levittown."

against suspicion and hatred in public life: "Let us," he said in his first inaugural address:

> . . . restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic and wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

Not since the fateful decade of the 1850s has that warning been more relevant than in this generation. Those who cultivate and spread the gospel of hatred throughout our society bear a heavy responsibility. They do not really weaken Communism; they weaken democracy and liberty. By their conduct and their philosophy they lower the moral standards of the society they pretend to defend. Eager to put down imagined subversion, they are themselves the most subversive of all the elements in our society, for they subvert "that harmony and affection" without which a society cannot be a commonwealth.

Much of our current foreign policy takes once again the form of indulgence in a double standard of morality. Thus it is contrary to international law to make reconnaissance flights over the territory of another nation—the Soviet reminded us of that a few years back—but we boast that we make such flights over Cuba and over China: if Cuban planes flew over Florida or Chinese over Hawaii we might take a less easygoing view of the matter. We justly condemn Nazi destruction of Rotterdam and Warsaw, cities that were not military objectives, but we conveniently forget that we were chiefly responsible for the senseless destruction of Dresden—not a military object—within a few weeks of the end of the war, with a loss of 135,000 lives. It is a matter for rejoicing that *we* have the nuclear bomb, but when China detonated her first bomb our President told us that "this is a dark day in history." Perhaps so, though so far we are the only nation that has ever used the bomb—a fact which the Asians remember a bit better than we do. And even now Senator Russell assures us that he would favor using it again if our soldiers in Vietnam got into trouble. Even the present war in Vietnam—the President has now used the word *war* for it, so perhaps we can abandon the hypocritical vocabulary with which we have heretofore bemused ourselves – tempts us constantly to indulge in a double standard. The Vietcong engages in "terror attacks" but our bombings do not presumably hurt anybody. When we use gas it is not really gas but just something our own police use here at home. Our airmen and marines are "observers" but the enemy's soldiers are terrorists. Guerrilla warfare —is it from the North?—justifies bombing at the source: if Castro accepted that theory and bombed those bases in Florida and Guatemala that launched guerrilla attacks on his island, we might take a different view of the matter. When the Russians announced that they would not tolerate an unfriendly government in Hungary, and sent their troops and tanks crashing into that country in 1956, we were rightly outraged, but we think it quite right for us to announce that we will not tolerate an unfriendly regime in Santo Domingo and to send 20,000 Marines to "restore order" in that island. We complain, and rightly, that other countries do not abide by their international agreements, but we are ready to forgive ourselves for brushing aside international agreements when we face something we regard as an "emergency."

We have always criticized secret diplomacy – remember President Wilson's crusade – but when the CIA operates with such secrecy that even our own government is apparently taken by surprise, that just shows how clever we are. For the Russians or the Chinese to stir up revolution in other lands is subversive of international order, but when we encourage a coup d'etat or a revolution—from Iran to Brazil to Vietnam—it is all in a good cause.

We have not of late heard quite so much as some months back of what must surely be counted the ultimate arrogance —the cry of the "better dead than Red" crusaders. Those highly vocal martyrs are so sure that they speak for God that they are quite ready to condemn to extinction not only themselves and their fellow citizens, but the rest of the world and all potential posterity.

IT is three-quarters of a century now since Lord Acton made the famous pronouncement that all power tends to corrupt and that absolute power corrupts absolutely. We had thought, and hoped, that we were exempt from this rule, but it is clear that we are not. Power exposes us to the same temptation to ruthlessness, lawlessness, hypocrisy, and vanity to which all great powers were exposed in the past.

In a simpler day we could survive this threat of corruption without serious damage. We could count on wearing out the brief spell of violence and corruption, or on circumscribing its effects. But now that we are a world power and our conduct affects the fate of every nation on the globe, we can no longer afford this piece of self-indulgence. Now we must square our conduct with principles of law and of morality that will withstand the scrutiny of public opinion everywhere and the tests of history as well.

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Le Morte d'Arthur

By KENNETH REXROTH

THERE IS a kind of ecology of the epic. The necessary social conditions that produce the heroic literature of any culture are of short duration. Although the period of epic creation has always been singularly brief, the books, once written, have proved the most timeless of all. Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur* today is almost 500 years old, yet it still seems to us—judged on our own terms—not only one of the greatest achievements of English prose style but one of the most absorbing narratives.

If heroic literature is disorder recollected in tranquility, the tranquility enjoyed by Sir Thomas Malory seems to have been forced. He wrote the book in prison in a troubled time, the last years of the Wars of the Roses, a time almost as bad as the days of the withdrawal of the Roman Imperium from Britain, of the Saxon invasion and the bloody retreat of the Britons, marked by a succession of tragic last stands, across the island and into the fastnesses of Wales.

Homer's tranquility, according to legend, was equally enforced—by his blindness—and he, too, looked back 500 years from a time of troubles to a period of mass invasion. Perhaps the epic arises out of primitive disorder recollected in a time of sophisticated disorder.

We think of the rhythms of Malory's narrative as being of the very texture of noble chivalric utterance. His style has spawned innumerable absurd imitations of knightly speech. We think of the attitudes of his characters as embodying the very essence of the Age of Chivalry. It's not true. When Malory wrote in the chaotic beginnings of the English Renaissance, the Age of Chivalry was long over. Its ethic survived only as courtly ceremonial etiquette, in very few years to be replaced by the deliberate teaching of the *courtoise* of the Renaissance gentleman. And of course Malory did not write about a historic Age of Chivalry at all but one laid in the barbaric times immediately after the collapse of Roman civilization.

The world of *Le Morte d'Arthur* is almost completely shaped by the demands men usually fulfil in dream. Into the narrative of the adventures of Arthur and his court and the originally distinct story of the quest of the Holy Grail, Malory, working in his prison with his French books about him, poured all the shadow life of bygone medieval Europe. Those who have found in the Grail story the cryptic revelation of a pagan mystery religion or the obscure gospel or the occult ritual of the Albigensian heretics or the ancestors of the Freemasons and Rosicrucians are not correct in fact, but their interpretations are true to the mood that haunts the narrative.

The mysteries that hide behind these tales of knight-errantry, dueling, warfare, adultery, ruined, owl-haunted chapels lost in the forest, and wandering maidens lost in enchantment, are the mysteries of the human personality itself. It is not just the unconscious with its universal symbols and archetypes that sets the stage and garbs and manipulates the characters; it is also the essential doom and pathos of the human condition. We all fight a losing battle. Arthur, Tristram, Launcelot, Gawain—even in the beginning, in the days of feasts and tournaments—are losing. We can hear the pulse of their fate in the rhythms of Malory's prose, like the chant of a ritual march.

THE story of Galahad and the Grail quest may well have been included by Malory as a metaphor of the transcendence of the epic's war and adultery, hate and lust. It serves that function in any theoretical analysis of the book. But in the act of reading and appreciation it does not. It separates itself out as a different story. However carefully Malory strives to connect the main story of Launcelot, Arthur, and Gawain with their failure in the Grail quest, and however symbolical the relation of Launcelot and his bastard son, Galahad, may be, the two plots are really incongruous. The story of the Grail stands best alone. In spite of tedious detail and naïve style, the medieval French Grail romances transmit more of the mystery that has attracted generations of cranky interpreters and spinners of learned fantasy as well as the whole tribe of occultists to the Grail legends. However, Malory's version is all most modern readers are likely to read and it is sufficiently awe-inspiring. In *Le Morte d'Arthur* the major actors in the drama of King Arthur's court will find their transcendence, not in supernatural vision, but in the common human illumination that comes with the acceptance of tragedy.

EPIC in a sense *Le Morte d'Arthur* may be, but above all else it is the last summation of medieval romance and the first of all modern romances. If the epic heroes of Greece or Iceland are brought down by the monstrous regimen of women, by the malevolence of wives and mistresses, the epic narrator reserves his sympathy for his falling heroes. His villainesses he treats with fear and contempt; his heroines are adoring lovers, dutiful daughters, and loyal housewives.

Tristram and Isolde, Launcelot and Guinevere, are equally possessed, equally enraptured, and equally guilty. By no stretch of the imagination was the motive of the Trojans "All for love and the world well lost," but it is the first and only commandment of all romantic lovers. Launcelot and Guinevere will be reborn many thousands of times in the pages of pulp magazines or in Thomas Hardy's *Two on a Tower* or Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Their morality will be the dangerous code by which 500 years of naïve servant girls and over-sophisticated and idle millionairesses will live out their destructive lives. Yet we weep for their follies. When they come together in the gloom-enshrouded last days, when all has been spent for love and all the world has been lost indeed, the pathos of their speech is almost more than can be borne, and Malory's prose rises to one of the greatest passages of literature.

Possibly what gives Malory's narrative its structure is its steady progress toward the final judgment of its leading actors upon themselves. Like Lear, at the end they understand their own folly, and so their tragic and romantic lives acquire at last their own significant form. It is ultimately an esthetic question. D. H. Lawrence's novel is a truncated structure; it lacks a sequel that might have been called *Lady Chatterley's Second Husband*.

The best text of *Le Morte d'Arthur* is the complete and unexpurgated one edited by Eugène Viaver, based on the manuscript discovered in 1934. It is more authentic than Caxton's edition, one of the first books printed in England.

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It Also Happened in San Francisco

THE SPECIAL meeting of the United Nations General Assembly in San Francisco a fortnight ago was not the only meeting in that city concerned with world peace. Not far from the Opera House, where the U.N. delegates met to observe the twentieth anniversary of the U.N., another group of representatives from many nations was in session. They, too, took part in the anniversary ceremonies, but that was not their main purpose in coming to San Francisco. They had come together to think through the hard, critical questions about the life of the U.N.—how it was to be adequately financed; what powers were needed to deal with threats to the peace, whether in Vietnam or anywhere else; how it could arrest the spread of nuclear weapons and the mounting arms race in general; how it could narrow the ever-widening gap between the privileged and the underprivileged in today's world.

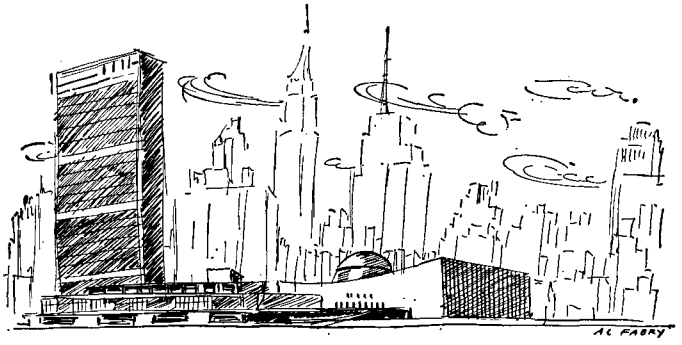
This second meeting was private but it had a public purpose—to do that which the national governments by their very nature found it especially difficult to do; namely, to crack through the barrier of absolute national sovereignty in planning for a durable peace. The delegates were members of what may well be the most important citizens' movement in the world today—a movement to bolster the United Nations and give it the authority of workable world law in those matters specifically concerned with common security and common progress.

The delegates to this unofficial meeting were world federalists, which is to say, they believe in giving the United Nations federal powers adequate to its needs for keeping the peace, while respecting and strengthening each nation's capacity to develop its own culture and institutions.

To a remarkable degree, the delegates at the meeting of the world federalists were similar in background and outlook to the men who were officially meeting at the Opera House. Indeed, some of the men, like Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan of Pakistan, and General Carlos P. Romulo of the Philippines, both of whom are former presidents of the U.N. General Assembly, participated in the deliberations of both groups. The significant difference was that the official group provided a demonstration of the very limitations that the unofficial group was seeking to correct. When the official delegates were not taking part in the anniversary activities, they were exposed to the fulminations of one country against another that actually served to magnify the unmet needs of the U.N. itself. The President of the United States spoke against aggression, against violation of the principle of self-determination, and against the rising threat of war. But he said nothing about equipping the United Nations with the powers essential to accomplish these purposes, or, indeed, about how the United Nations was to meet the immediate threat of insolvency. The chief delegate of the Soviet Union, who had consistently called for an end to the Cold War, used language that could only intensify it. And the other official delegates were in no better position to free themselves from the clash and clamor of the mighty sovereignties than they were in New York. A call for sanity was characteristically and nobly expressed by Secretary-General U Thant; but the context of the discussion was fixed by the framework of the U.N. itself.

It was this framework that the unofficial group was studying in order to meet the needs of a world not yet made safe for the differences of its peoples or the errors and miscalculations of its leaders. The central ideas that came out of the unofficial meeting were not new—at least not to the delegates themselves, many of whom had worked for the cause of the United Nations since its founding. What was new was the sense of urgency that hung over their sessions, an urgency imparted not just by the news from Vietnam or by the growing proficiency of the Chinese in nuclear weaponry but by the continuing and growing subordination of the U.N. to the foreign policies of the larger nations. What was new, too, was the evidence that people everywhere are becoming increasingly aware that the most important business in the world, peace, is being terribly mismanaged and that they are no longer content to entrust all the questions bearing on their survival to the national leaders. Federalists from the far reaches of the world brought reports that the movement seeking world peace and world law through the U.N. was now a burgeoning political fact. From Japan alone came 150 delegates, many of them from communities that had been publicly designated as "World Federalist Cities" by their mayors.

At a time of downward drift, the growth of popular understanding of world law is a source of energy and reasonable hope. —N.C.



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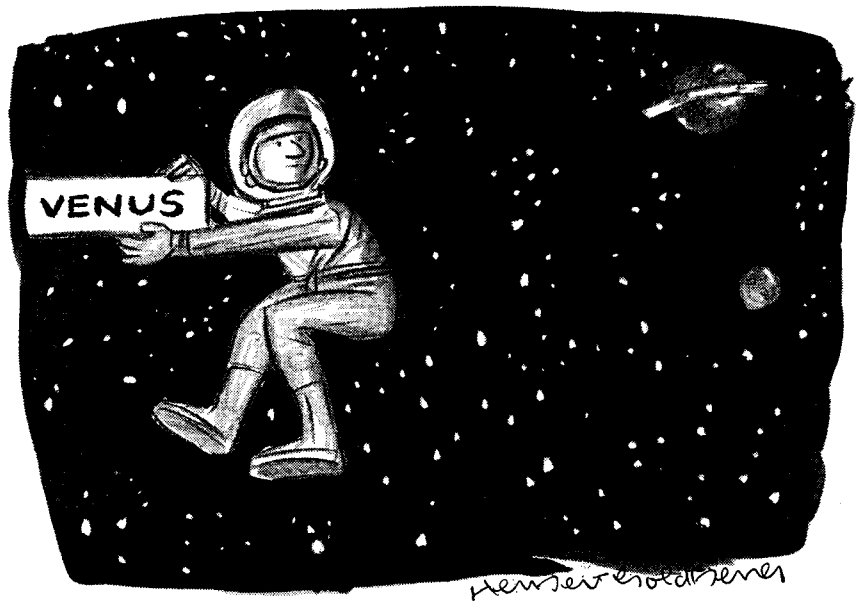
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Poet Go Home!



SINCE A FAVORITE Eastern indoor sport has always been to lambaste Los Angeles, I wonder why you printed John Ciardi's long cliché denouncing that city [*SR*, June 19].

Mr. Ciardi's initial error was booking passage with a rather shortsighted travel agent: Disneyland and Universal City are no more typical of Los Angeles than Forty-Second Street is of New York.

JOSEPH R. CATINELLA.
Forest Hills, N.Y.

TO THIS NATIVE-BORN ANGELINO Mr. Ciardi's report on Los Angeles created a somewhat nostalgic feeling. It had been some years since I had encountered these repetitious and timeworn views. Perhaps in our age of constant change, one should be appreciative of any continuity, even in the form of snobbishness.

LILLIAN STEUBER.
Los Angeles, Calif.

IT'S ONLY NATURAL, I guess, for someone coming from the narrow, dirty streets, the bleak, dreary days, and the sardine-like existence of New York to be envious of Los Angeles. Even so, John Ciardi's column seemed pretty childish—the same tired old clichés (everyone in Los Angeles was born in Iowa) and criticisms (movies are made with false-front buildings).

And Disneyland—oh, certainly! That's first on any tourist-critic's list. The truth is that Disneyland is a magnificent entertainment park designed primarily for children, who, even Ciardi admits, enjoy it tremendously. We don't go there to see live fish. We have Marineland, with probably the finest displays of live fish and marine animals in captivity anywhere. Come to think of it, New York has neither a fine entertainment park nor a Marineland.

JOHN KENNEDY.
Los Angeles, Calif.

THOSE WHO KNOW Los Angeles better than does Mr. Ciardi know better than to generalize about it. He has apparently been taken in by his own preconceptions. If he is now embarking on a career as regional expert on the basis of short visits, I would suggest he open his eyes and really look around. It does not seem too much to ask, particularly of a poet.

ROBERT S. RYF.
Los Angeles, Calif.

IF MR. CIARDI lets himself be invited to a charity show emceed by Phil Silvers, should Phil recite Hamlet's soliloquies? If he goes to Disneyland, does he really expect the Kunsthistorische Museum to rise before him? Let's not mention the L.A. Music Center and the museum of Art, now sufficiently discussed and praised throughout the nation, but did Mr. Ciardi not attend even one of the three dozen theater performances now available in L.A.? Did he see a performance of the Theatre Group at UCLA? Did he not find any hope, promise, or enthusiasm worth mentioning among the prodigious students of Caltech to whom he had been lecturing? Or did he not engage in any personal conversation with the young people, or with the outstanding faculty assembled there? And did he not find the time to visit the incomparable Huntington Library, a scant five minutes from Caltech, to view manuscript and printed treasures of the centuries and to converse with the scholars and fellows there? Or did he not take a similar side trip to the Clark Library to have a look at the sterling collections of Elizabethan and Restoration literature, or at the great Oscar Wilde collection?

KURT L. SCHWARZ.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

MR. CIARDI is a poet and a teacher who has provided many of us with much pleasure and stimulation. . . . His column on Los Angeles was, therefore, especially disappointing in its snobbery, its arbitrary assumptions, and its misleading generalities.

The next time Mr. Ciardi is in Los Angeles, I should like to invite him to the Western part of the city, where the climate permits a casual and comfortable life amid rolling hills, abundant flowers, and starlit nights. The intellectual climate is also very favorable, being conducive to academic achievement and cultural stimulation as well as scientific advancement. There is more here than Mr. Ciardi's "illusion." And I'll stack the view from my kitchen window against the view from his desk any day he chooses! In addition, I'll promise him other company than cameramen and actors (although I happen to know some very interesting and intelligent ones), including one real, live WASP from Pasadena, who happens to be a very thoughtful and liberal Democrat.

ELAINE F. ALEY.
Los Angeles, Calif.

IN THE INTEREST OF ACCURACY, I must advise Mr. Ciardi that Disneyland is not only outside the Los Angeles city limits but outside the county as well. Perhaps his geographic inaccuracy confirms the traditional Western belief in Eastern parochialism. Isn't it true that New Yorkers still cling to the notion that a vast uncharted continent lies beyond the Hudson River?

ROBERTA HEPBURN.
Laguna Beach, Calif.

First Things First

I AM ALWAYS HAPPY to see children have fun, but every sensible parent knows when to say no to extravagant demands. At that point we say to Johnny that a motorboat would be lovely but first we pay the orthodontist. Now the NASA children want the moon and I don't know how to stop them. I have not been consulted or allowed to vote. I have only been required to pay.

I mean I cannot afford Major White's joy in space-walking. Not while all around me I see human beings ill-fed, ill-housed, and badly educated.

We can't find the money for good schools, for good medical care for all people. We can't solve simple problems like hunger and mass transportation. We can't keep our cities safe or make a faucet that is permanently dripless.

My imagination does not soar at the thought of a crew of perfect physical specimens landing on the moon. Will there, as a result, be one less malformed human on the earth? Will one hungry child be fed? Will one less person die of cancer or heart disease? My imagination, earthbound, I confess, does take fire at the thought of what might be accomplished if the same scientific and technical skills were let loose, with no financial restrictions, to house us, feed us, and keep us well.

Wise parents tell their children to learn to walk before they run. Please let us walk upright with dignity on earth before we fly into the wild blue yonder.

MRS. JOSEPH RUSSELL SILVERMAN.
Chicago, Ill.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Star-Gazing at the Lewisohn Observatory

ACCORDING to tradition, Metropolitan Opera openings occur on Monday nights, and to that extent, at least, the most recent one was traditional. But it was, in every other way a departure from all past practice. It was outdoors rather than indoors; uptown, on the campus of the College of the City of New York, rather than in its time-honored home downtown; casually informal rather than elaborately formal, with seats for all at prices from fifty cents to $4.50.

To judge from the response of nearly 20,000 listeners, there is a public in New York with $35,000 to spend for an evening of arias by Renata Tebaldi, or, in somewhat smaller numbers, for a concert performance of Verdi's *La Traviata* with Anna Moffo, Barry Morell, and Calvin Marsh. To be sure, Miss Tebaldi has drawn comparably well at a prior performance in the same surroundings, and concert performances of operas (even unto *Die Walküre*) are far from unknown there. The difference this year is that rather than being an occasional occurrence during a season of symphonic music, operatic events are now the staples of a new regime of, for, and by the Metropolitan Opera.

Perhaps it would have satisfied some latent historical sense had the orchestral venture that began during World War I been prolonged to round out a full half-century. But, for all the heroic efforts of Mrs. Charles Guggenheimer (publicly known as "Minnie"), it had been apparent for years that time, not to mention money and a paying public, was running out on the symphonic repertory as administered by conductors available in the summer. It was, indeed, such "special events" as Rodgers and Hammerstein nights, jazz programs, and folk songfests (all of which are preserved in the Met scheme) that kept the venture from being swamped by deficits.

So, with the Philharmonic exercising its year-round control of its players' services to extend its activities in its new air-conditioned home during the summer months, one chapter of Lewisohn Stadium has been closed and another begun. Improved sound equipment (including a new stage shell) has upgraded general audibility, if all but eliminating unamplified sound from even the front of the field seats; plastic "greens" have been staked out to relieve the monotony of concrete and mortar; freshly painted chairs have supplanted the dingy ones of old. There is even off-street parking for those enterprising enough to find it.

All this is to the good, and shows a spirit of cooperation by the municipal administration (which is responsible for the physical surroundings) and the Metropolitan management. Opera star-gazing has long flourished, of a summer's night, at the huge arena near Verona and at the Baths of Caracalla in Rome (not to mention Aix-en-Provence and Salzburg). If it is to flourish in New York it will, most likely, depend on the terrestial stars who can be persuaded to make themselves available at this time of the year on behalf of the choristers, orchestral musicians, secondary singers, and ballet people who have long campaigned for the kind of year-round employment such a summer schedule would provide.

This year being the first and a special effort being exerted to make it work, the roster shows such names as Schwarzkopf and Milanov, Tucker, Peerce, MacNeil, Peters, and Vickers, as well as Moffo and Tebaldi. But the plan, as well as the surroundings, may be assumed to be subject to change, when Lewisohn Stadium is no longer available (it is scheduled to be incorporated into the building space of CCNY in a year or two) and the Met moves into its own air-conditioned plant in Lincoln Center.

When that time comes, it would be well if the Met put its mind to something combining visual as well as aural values. Flushing Meadow, with its network of access roads and abundant parking space, would provide an admirable site for a new construction tailored to Met use, or the adaptation of such an old one as Singer Bowl. This, it would seem to me, would provide an opportunity for Rudolf Bing or his successor to create a kind of operatic experience not possible within four walls, for a larger audience than any four walls can accommodate.

For the while, the novelty of opera-star gazing at the Lewisohn "observatory" is likely to bring crowds to the uptown site and win friends the Met has never had before. Indeed, at the asking price, a smoothly routined *Traviata* with Moffo, Morell, and Marsh, or the Tosca promised for later with Tucker, Kirsten, and Cassel, is something that no other city in the world can currently provide. But to be truly Metropolitan-worthy, the plan should be projected to include all the theatrical resources of the company, rather than merely its musical ones.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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A Style in Progress

STRATFORD, CONN.

THE American Shakespeare Festival Theatre is now in its eleventh year. But only for three seasons has it had the advantage of a winter training program that permits its artistic director, Allen Fletcher, to work toward the long-range goal of a style that combines the vigor of American theater and the technical skill of our British cousins.

This summer's four productions indicate that the work has reached an intermediate stage. The technical proficiencies of speech, movement, and costume-wearing are very much in evidence, and the American vigorousness is there, too. Yet the architecture of this playhouse and the tastes of the audience here seem to have encouraged a style of presentation that would be more suitable for *Hansel and Gretel* than it is for Shakespeare.

Designer Will Steven Armstrong has, with the best of intentions, fashioned a tipped stage-upon-a-stage that immediately creates a sense of being on display and tends to turn each production into a series of vignettes. Thus in *Coriolanus* we see a procession of well-sculptured scenes in which Philip Bosco portrays a tactless military leader who not only deserves, but appears eagerly to seek, his own destruction at the hands of politicians. Indeed, his capitulation to his mother's plea that he call off his invasion of Rome seems to succeed more because of than despite the fact that he knows it to be political suicide. Similarly, his murder by Aufidius becomes merely the reluctant completion of what is politically expedient.

But all this is something less than the tragic revelation of a fine and noble man who finds the world becoming too base for its own good. And both Aline MacMahon as Coriolanus's mother, and Patrick Hines as his smooth-speaking friend reduce the size of their roles by not sufficiently resisting the temptation to offer us the tears of self-pity.

Romeo and Juliet begins promisingly as Mr. Armstrong and his lighting designer, Tharon Musser, collaborate to create the sun-baked surroundings that make tempers short and passions violent in vendetta-bound Verona. Out of this atmosphere emerges the theme that benevolent ardor can be more dangerous than calculated hostility. Unfortunately, the performances illustrate the play's events and words without committing themselves to the larger situation. Maria Tucci enjoys being a perpetually sad Juliet much too much ever to kill herself, and Terence Scammell seems too affable to let himself become the victim of his emotions. Lillian Gish offers only a sprinkle of humor as the nurse looking after her "ladybird" with the pathetic loyalty of a nattering nanny. Most effective in this production is Richard Mathews's fanatic Tybalt, and especially the duel in which Romeo finishes him off as if he were a dying rat.

An unusual Spanish motif has been introduced into *The Taming of the Shrew* as staged by guest director Joseph Anthony. By the pretense that this is a play being presented by a Spanish troupe that arrives in William Pitkin's ingeniously designed circus wagon, the wooing scenes are intensified. Kate becomes a sort of "Carmen Minola" that Ruby Dee plays with sophistication and simmering sexuality. Petruchio is turned into a cigar-smoking Castilian portrayed with amusing self-confidence by John Cunningham. Wearing a tattered sombrero, Rex Everhart gets fun out of the much-abused Grumio's constant misfortunes, and there is a memorable comic montage of servant frenzy in the wedding-supper scene. But despite these audience-pleasing innovations, the presentation is more vaudeville than play.

The best of this season's four offerings is Mr. Fletcher's restaging of *King Lear*, with Morris Carnovsky repeating the distinguished and frequently inspired Lear he created here two seasons ago. Not that it, too, doesn't suffer from the company's general story-illustrating approach, in which the actors demonstrate rather than respond, but Mr. Carnovsky overcomes all this by his intense concentration on the anger Lear feels about the pain inflicted upon him by the gods. And later he makes remarkably contagious his release into true-seeing lunacy. He is abetted in this production by Stephen Joyce's thoughtful Edgar and Richard Mathews's uncapricious Fool, and these three achieve a magnificent exit together as they leave the painful world of reason and order for a venture into the mysterious darker universe that lies beyond. As Gloucester, Patrick Hines makes his remorseful prayer on Dover Cliff a quiet and genuinely compelling moment.

The American Shakespeare Festival can feel some satisfaction that these presentations are proficient and tasteful and likely to be popular with the public. But portions of *King Lear* supply us with evidence that this growing company can and should also create the kind of superior theater it has projected as its ultimate goal. —HENRY HEWES.

"My wife thinks it's going to take me all night to write the 'Don Giovanni' overture—but I finished it hours ago."

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Of Bangers, Blighters, and Bloaters

BY NOW it has assuredly passed into the full leaf of summer, but when we floated to earth in London a few weeks ago, the spring was shouting with exuberance. The trees were full and green—it was all far beyond that nascent season we had left the night before in the pastoral stretches of Queens. London Airport was a wild frug of arriving trippers and there were long lines forming in front of the quiet young men in tweed jackets who occupy the desks at Immigration. "What is your profession?" "Whom do you write for?" "How long will you stay?" It was too much to ask someone who had come on the night flight and for whom it wasn't really eight in the morning but 3 A.M. I was having enough trouble remembering my name.

If the airport had been a minor madhouse, the drive over the new superhighway in the quiet of an English Sunday in spring was an exercise in serenity. It seemed that no one in all Britain was yet awake, except perhaps the driver and us. Considering my state of fatigue at that moment, it was perfectly clear to me who among us had planned their lives with comfort and we were not among them. The streets were barren, too, once we got inside town, and only when we had swung suddenly from the greenery of Hyde Park into the entrance of the London Hilton did we find a new swarm of activity. The lobby was humming with morning arrivals and the settees were filled with customers who had flown the ocean in the night and now were waiting for rooms. The reception clerk riffled a stack of twenty cards of those who had registered before us. There was little left to do but to retreat to the Hilton's English Grill, where we ordered kippers from an Italian waiter who was having a considerable problem with the local idiom, at least as practiced by me.

A friendly assistant manager ushered us upstairs finally, but the room he had in mind wasn't made up yet and the chambermaid estimated that it would take another hour. She was, as she explained, about to go out for her morning tea. I finally settled for a room that *didn't* overlook the park but was ready. It overlooked the rooftops and that was enough. To inhale the new season would have resulted in a frightful battle between the tired body, which wanted only to sleep, and the romantic soul, which wanted only to be promenaded through the parks. I dozed fitfully as it was, with the guilt of a wasting spring Sunday knocking at my subconscious. I left myself a sharp mental note or two about future night flights, including the admonition to book the hotel room in the first port of call for the same night as the flight. Only in this way, and at this added expense, can one ensure that a bed will be ready to receive one's faltering body on arrival.

After an eight-hour rest, I rose at last. It was five in the afternoon in London and midday in New York. The London day was just on the wane and I felt sad about it, so we took a cab over to the Grenadier, which is an old and suitably crumbly pub filled with hunting horns and crossed swords. We had a whisky and a banger, which is a sausage with a skin as thick as a harridan's, and contemplated the collected memorabilia of Wellington, whose officers are said to have messed here and who is himself said to have been a customer.

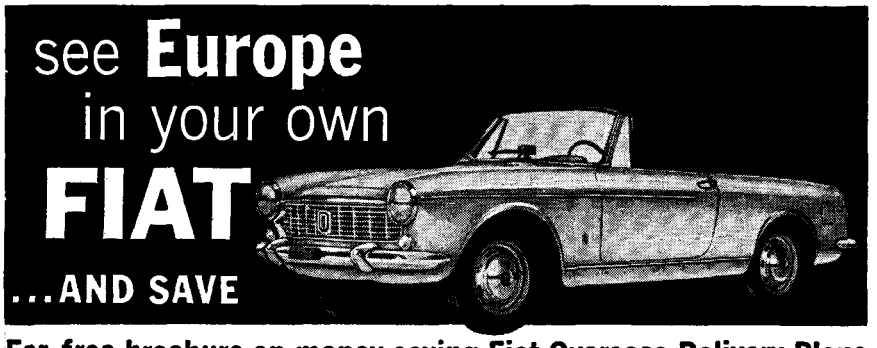
The banger cost nine cents and was probably worth it, and it made, with the whisky, a cheering breakfast or cocktail snack, depending on how you count the time. We rolled onward to the Buckingham, to which a friend had directed us, and found it, not far from Buckingham Palace, looking very much like an old parlor in Brooklyn—heavy plush drapes, cut glass lamps, and all. There were pickled eggs and pickled peppers, and a lot of other pickled things I couldn't identify, all put up neatly in jars behind the bar. There were also two barmaids named Irene and Eileen who were set to jumping by the patroness, directing operations from a barstool while smoking a cigarette. The bar was quite empty, but the dining room, behind the plush drapes, was packed. The banger wasn't holding us too well and rather than eating a dinner of pickled peppers and eggs we pressed on anew.

The prospects of immediate nourishment were no better at the Connaught, an old and Englishy hotel with dark paneled walls and ceilings, and vases full of flowers sprouting from the dark, carpeted corners. At last a table opened and the headwaiter ushered us into the brightly lit dining room, where squads of waiters in boiled shirts aided by attending busboys were scurrying among the tables with Dover sole, cold veal-and-ham pie, Scottish salmon, and smoked cold trout served with buttered brown bread sliced as thin as a partition in a Manhattan apartment.

HERE was the first real sign of the renaissance in British food that I had heard so much about, and the next morning, over croissants and coffee amid the ceramic whimseys of Bjorn Wiinblad in the Danish Sandwich Shop of the Hilton, I talked at some length on the subject with an emissary dispatched by the British Travel Association.

It seemed that with the spring only barely arrived on the calendar, Lord Geddes, chairman of the British Travel Association, had delivered a lengthy address to the Association's Council in a March mid-afternoon meeting at the Grosvenor House in London. Although the council's meetings are normally private, parts of the speech were offered to the press. Besides revealing that a new grant of a quarter of a million pounds would enable the British government to sell travel even farther afield—in this case to new markets in Spain and Japan—Lord Geddes called for a "renaissance in the British kitchen, a return of our native dishes."

He said the hotel industry of Britain was now adding skilled cooks to its already abundant supply of raw materials. He asked for a return to the "wonderful old recipes of this country" and begged that they be "announced in English in our bills of fare." He said his association



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was working on promotional plans to further this idea and called on the hoteliers and "caterers" for support.

Next morning the *Daily Telegraph*, thumbing through the ten pages of speech released to the press, picked up the kitchen renaissance theme and announced that Geddes was making it an important part of the drive to make tourism the country's biggest export by 1970. "He said cooking and service was now as good as any in Europe, but there was a need to return to our native dishes," the *Telegraph* quoted him as declaring.

Well, sir, that ignited Mr. Nigel Buxton, and perhaps a few others within earshot, too. "Like me, many of your readers must have been vastly puzzled," Mr. Buxton wrote the *Telegraph*'s editor. "Was he speaking of British cooking and service *in general*? Did he mean if one chanced upon a restaurant in Britain one would be as likely to eat as well as if one as casually came upon a restaurant in, say, Belgium or France. And if so, was he serious? Was he saying that British hotels *in general* are as good as most hotels in Italy and Switzerland or Austria. And if so, how on earth has he arrived at this point of view?"

Lord Geddes drew himself up in print five days later. He assured his readers he had kidded them not. Food and service in Britain were, to be sure, as good as any found on the Continent. He wrote, "One of the reasons that British food and cooking have been so long unappreciated is because we the British have suffered from a culinary inferiority complex." He said that Britons traveling overseas had allowed themselves to be impressed by what he called "grand foreign names" that are simply "abominations." He said that bad food and service may exist in Britain but they were no strangers abroad either. He signed his letter merely "Geddes," a flourish that evoked reminiscences of Montgomery of Alamein and Kitchener of Khartoum.

Despite the heckling from the gallery, Geddes's renaissance sped onward. Early in May, 100 food and wine writers descended on England for a week of serious eating and drinking. "We are gathering this year in Great Britain," their president told them, "that is to say in a country that is taking its first steps toward giving gastronomy the honor it deserves." Jean Robertson, in the *Sunday Telegraph*, met them with a three-part story on the national cuisine. Writer Robertson hoped the visitors would have a chance to sample "some of the subtler delights of the English kitchen in early summer—soups made from fresh vegetables, mackerel with sorrel, whitefish dressed with mussel sauce, capon or hot salmon and a cucumber sauce, haddock in one of its numerous guises, potted fish, savory pies, delicate creams, custards, whips and certain uniquely English ices."

Like Geddes, the *Sunday Telegraph* series deplored the French influence on the English kitchen, which it traced to the eighteenth century, when Richard Steele made a plea in the *Tatler* for a return to the beef and mutton "which had fueled the warriors at Crécy and Agincourt." Alien names were foisted on traditional British dishes and years later it was discovered that what was being called *pudding au raisin de Corinth* was nothing more than a steamed raisin pudding known as Spotted Dick; that ragôut à l'Irlandaise was really Irish stew and *harengs fumés* were just bloaters. The clincher was the English breakfast favorite, which had become *kippers sur toast*.

A FURTHER threat to English cooking, the paper went on, were the English names slapped on regional dishes, producing such fare as "star-gazey pie, bog star, frumenty, flummery, watersouchy and swan pie." The *Telegraph* said they had "as much palate appeal as parsnip wine."

During their time in Britain the food writers stayed at hotels in Bournemouth and Winchester, had a picnic lunch in the New Forest, ate aboard a Thames river boat, dined at a country inn called the Bell at Aston Clinton, and were tendered a succession of dinners by the Scotch Whisky Association, by the Gore Hotel in London (which features an Elizabethan menu), and by the Imperial Hotel at Torquay. A banquet was organized in a place of assembly quaintly known as Fishmonger's Hall. The menu began with small Cornish pasties served with tomato, onion, and watercress salad, followed by Torbay salmon with cucumber sauce (the *Telegraph*'s wishes were being answered). The main course was a baron of Aberdeen Angus beef with horseradish sauce, Yorkshire pudding, jacket potatoes, and dwarf beans. Kent strawberries under a blanket of Dorset cream was dessert, followed by British cheese serviced with Bath Oliver biscuits, Ulster butter, and watercress and radishes. Nobody dreamed of crossing the Channel for wines. The waiters poured Hambledon and Hartford wines, which—wouldn't you know?—come from Hampshire. The liqueur was cherry brandy from Kent.

As it turned out, I happened to be in London the night of the big fry in Fishmonger's Hall, but I wistfully turned down an invitation to attend. The big feed was formal and I had neglected to bring the soup and fish.

—Horace Sutton.

(This is the first of two articles on London, with particular attention to the state of British epicurean affairs.)

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AN ALPHABESTIARY—PART II

, also inevitably, is for the GNU,
or Wildebeest, technically an antelope,
but more like a horse in the rear end,
and more like an ox in the head and horns.

There is always some likelihood of confusion
in the animal kingdom, or in what we
expect of it. Considered either way,
you can always write to your Senator
for further information.
Who is more likely
to know how an ox-like mind may move
with the speed of an antelope leaving
to final view the rear end of a horse?

is, reluctantly, for HUMAN, a word
derived from Latin *homo*, signifying "man,"
and, more aptly, from *humus*, signifying
"soil/earth," hence "of clay," but
more recently an adjective involving
a distinction that in turn involves
a slander of the higher apes, implying,
as it does, that Human primates
have evolved a more enviable position
than their cousins by shedding their tails
in order to be followed around
by a less visible conclusion.

is, naturally enough, any author. "I"
we say, employing the same character
for "Number One," and always capitalizing it
when we mean ourselves.
(The consequences
of which have been made clear.)
It might
have been well, perhaps, to let I stand for
Iguana, a creature of great antiquity, which,
having been spared the concept of I-ness,
has already been here some aeons before us,
and seems likely to be here at least as many
after.
(In whatever I-dea time is.)

is, splendidly, for JOHN, my—
I repeat—*my* name.
Others, to be sure,
have attached themselves to the same
sound and have insisted on being
identified by it. None, however,
has plumbed the infinite-true-secret
identity of John-ness in quite
the way I know all about.
John
(can you fail to see?) is I. Begins
with, is the name of essential I-ness.

In Italian, in fact, J is *I-lungo*,
as Y is *I-greco*.
It is exactly
that long I my name is, as you must
finally be made to understand
if you mean ever to have your own
name. I mean *truly* have it.

is for KANGAROO, of which there must be
at least one pair in every zoo, whereafter
there will be several, and then several more,
and then again several more, until the surplus
must either be sold or shot.
Do not
take the Kangaroo lightly. He may appear
generally ridiculous when trained as a boxer
for side-shows, but how would you look
that far out of your habitat and jabbing
at local boobs for a living? And even so
expatriated, when was it ever the Kangaroo
that was carried out at the end?
Ungainly as
it may seem, it can move with astonishing speed
in a series of racing-dives from the spring-board
of its own hind legs. Gentle as it generally is,
it can turn, seize a dog in its forearms and
claw it precisely to dogburgers with the nails
of its rear-thumpers, supporting itself on that
impossible tail as it does so. Improvident as
you may take it to be, no other beast puts quite
so much in its pocket quite so inoffensively.

Kangaroos seem to have originated in Australia
where they were generally successful for some
aeons before it turned out that the grass on which
they had been feeding was legally claimed by
sheep and cattle. They are now, therefore,
hunted both for sport and for these more recent
views on legal distribution. Fortunately for
the hunters, the flesh of the Kangaroo is a
desirable venison. Under the right circumstances,
therefore, you may chew on a satisfactory
Kangaroo steak as you reflect by the campfire
on the problems of population control, on the
unreliability of outward appearances, and on the
nature and consequences of redistribution since
whoever was supposed to inherit what earth.

(To be continued.)

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Portraits of the Authors as Men

F. W. DUPEE's *The King of the Cats* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95) is a collection of magazine writings—"known to professors as essays, to members of the public as articles, and to writers as pieces." He divides the book into two parts, one called "Literary Portraits" and the other "Literary Comment."

Concerning the first part, he writes: "Based upon volumes of biography, letters, and memoirs, the literary portrait is of course an old form of critical comment. Highly developed in the last century by such writers as Sainte-Beuve and Macaulay, it has not altogether lacked practitioners in the present century, one of them being Edmund Wilson. Naturally I do not pretend that literary portraiture is superior to, or a substitute for, good criticism of a more orthodox kind. I have attempted it only because, as I say, it seemed relatively uncommon in our time and because, for whatever psychological reason, it has proved attractive to me personally."

His subjects are varied: Dickens, the nineteenth-century Richard Burton, Max Beerbohm, the Duke of Windsor, Yeats, Kafka, Chaplin, Gertrude Stein, and James Agee. The pieces are all informative, sympathetic but judicious, and urbane in tone. He is as good on his nonliterary subjects, Chaplin and Windsor, as he is on figures that lie within his professorial field. In discussing Chaplin's *My Autobiography* he comments on the actor's extraordinary success, his fall from grace, and the happy ending: "Order has been restored, love is requited, paternity is triumphant, and there has been a general reunion with the universe—possibly excepting the United States."

The title essay is a characterization of W. B. Yeats. "He may have said to his sister, when she told him Swinburne was dead, 'I know, and now I am king of the cats,' but he was no usurper." Dupee goes on to observe how fortunate Yeats was in his life and how hard he worked to deserve his good fortune. "In the end he was really king of the cats: the greatest *lyric* poet in the language."

Dupee has a gift for summing up a person's nature. "Dickens," he writes, "is the artist as tycoon, dedicated to building up an impregnable personal empire, literary, domestic, and financial." He concludes the piece on Beerbohm: "He often seems to be carefully acting a part that has been shrewdly written by this accomplished playwright [S. N. Behrman]. But he is still a wonder, a precious anomaly, at once great and small, easy to forget but delightful to remember." Of Agee, whom he knew and about whom he writes partly in terms of his own memories, he says, "He was . . . the captive of an ideological age, in which he shone by contrast."

Part II, "Literary Comment," ranges from short reviews to extended essays. Dupee talks about Mann, Proust, Chekhov, Nabokov, and others. Three of the pieces discuss contemporary American poetry, the longest of them being a review of an anthology called *New Poems by American Poets 2*, published in 1958. After pointing out that, economically speaking, young poets aren't too badly off, thanks to awards, university presses, little magazines, and an abundance of jobs, Dupee finds most of the poems tame and tiresome. A 1965 footnote, however, reports that "the poetry scene has definitely brightened," and there are appreciative discussions of Robert Lowell and Kenneth Koch.

Dupee is good on Mann, praising him highly and yet suggesting certain important reservations, and he says a lot about Proust in a relatively short piece. About *Lolita* he writes: "The book's general effect is profoundly mischievous, like that of some diabolical distorting mirror in some particularly obscene amusement park." That catches the book very deftly.

27 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews F. W. Dupee's "The King of the Cats"
28 Letters to the Book Review Editor
29 The Making of the President—1964, by Theodore H. White; The Road to the White House, by the staff of the New York Times
32 How They Became President: Thirty-five Ways to the White House, by Rexford G. Tugwell; American Roulette: The History and Dilemma of the Vice Presidency, by Donald Young
37 The Roosevelts: American Aristocrats, by Allen Churchill. My Appointed Round: 929 Days as Postmaster General, by J. Edward Day
38 Procession, by John Gunther
39 Edith Wharton and Henry James: The Story of Their Friendship, by Millicent Bell
40 Women and the Sun, by Pierre Gascar
41 Death of a Simple Giant and Other Modern Yugoslav Stories, edited by Branko Lenski
42 A Time on Earth, by Vilhelm Moberg. Deo Gratias, by Michel Servin
43 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

There are two reviews to which I take exception. When it appeared in *Partisan Review*, Dupee's assessment of Bernard Malamud's *Idiots First* was called "The Power of Positive Sex"—a title that suggests how strangely he went wrong. When, he says, he looked up Malamud in Leslie Fiedler's *Love and Death in the American Novel*, he was surprised to discover that Fiedler did not think well of Malamud, surprised because it seemed to him that "the sexual norm of his [Malamud's] world is eminently normal." This is a misinterpretation of Fiedler's demand for "mature genital sexuality," and it gets Dupee off on the wrong foot. Speaking of a particular story, he says, "In no other author, surely, are so many pretty girls so sweetly obliging about getting undressed in front of their boyfriends." You get the impression that this happens on practically every page in Malamud's work, whereas his record is

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way below par for contemporary fiction. Dupee also says that Frank Alpine in *The Assistant* is reformed by marrying the girl he raped; the truth is that he has not married Helen when the book ends, though it is suggested that he may, and in any case it is her father who has brought about the change in Frank.

Although he praises some of the stories in *Idiots First,* Dupee continues in a querulous vein. He wastes two pages in proving that Malamud isn't a Gothic novelist, and he makes unintelligent comments on the title story and on "Black Is My Favorite Color." Only in his concluding discussion of two stories, "The German Refugee" and "The Death of Me," does he manage to suggest what Malamud's essential qualities are.

My other quarrel, a less serious one, is with some of Dupee's remarks about James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time.* He justly praises parts of the little book, especially Baldwin's account of his growing up in Harlem; but he objects to what he calls the "fireworks." For instance, he quotes Baldwin, "Do I really *want* to be integrated into a burning house?" Dupee replies, "Since you have no other, yes; and the better-disposed firemen will welcome your assistance." But this is a little too bland and easy. Baldwin or any other Negro has a right to ask the largest possible questions about the civilization of which he is a second-class citizen. Baldwin says, "A vast amount of the energy that goes into what we call the Negro problem is produced by the white man's profound desire not to be judged by those who are not white." Dupee answers, "You exaggerate the white man's consciousness of the Negro." This is ridiculous! Dupee, who understands so much about human behavior, seems temperamentally unfitted to understand the kind of passion that produced *The Fire Next Time.* —Granville Hicks.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1144

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1144 will be found in the next issue.

FGT QOTSFTAF DBAFSVT BA

FGT FOEBPQ FK YT DKOT SQOT-

TSYWT FGSP EKM RSP YT.

YSQTGKF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1143

Genius may have its limitations, but stupidity is not thus handicapped.

—Elbert Hubbard.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Significance of Dante

The four patron saints of the modern world cited by Robert J. Clements in The European Literary Scene [SR, May 15] —Einstein, Marx, Freud, and Darwin—were not influenced by Dante precisely because his view of society, man, and the universe is exactly the opposite of theirs. Man in the modern world has lost the assurance of his own omnipotence. As Einstein shows, it is impossible for man to trust his own senses in a universe in which the senses tell lies. Neither can man assume that the world—both man and society—will remain the same *in perpetuum*: we learn that from Darwin and Marx. And with Freud the last vestige of human freedom, or the last illusion of freedom, has disappeared: the freedom to consciously direct one's own destiny.

Do these views not constitute a *Weltanschauung* exactly opposed to that found in *The Divine Comedy?* (One reason, no doubt, for the popular success of John Ciardi's translation of *The Inferno*) Why, then, should Dante's value be made to hinge on the happenstance of his influence on Marx, Freud, *et al.?* These men showed man's dependence on the universe and unconscious: they describe the inferno and purgatoria of reality through which we all, as men, must pass. But Dante represents artistically the power of the individual consciousness to find order in the universe and to look beyond this physical reality (which, after all, as Einstein shows, is a world of seeming anyway) toward a *paradiso* of his own creation. Wallace Stevens says of poetry—and this can be said of all art that's worth anything—that through it we discover " . . . the portents of our powers." In Dante, in its purest form, we see these powers demonstrated. . . .

Steve Carter.

Austin, Tex.

Mr. Clements apparently misinterprets non-mentioning of Dante (or any other literary figure) in the writings of these men as lack of "influence" or lack of knowledge. . . .

Nothing could be further from the *facts.* . . . As Freud's biographers (Ernest Jones as one of them) have pointed out *repeatedly,* Freud grew up with an intimate knowledge of the classics, of Shakespeare and of Dante. In fact, he read Dante in the Italian original, as he read Shakespeare in the original English. To (more or less) accuse Freud of not having integrated Dante's visions into his own teachings seems to me nonsensical, as it seems to me nonsensical to make the same accusations of Marx, Darwin and Einstein. . . . I could refer Mr. Clements to various writings of Freud where he mentioned Dante (whether in his study of *Leonardo* or in his *Moses and Monotheism.* . . . Hans A. Illing.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Robert J. Clements says . . . that the influence of [Dante] on Marx is deeper "than hitherto suspected." This certainly needed saying, and Clements deserves credit for having done so. But it is rather surprising to find a number of inaccuracies in the short paragraph devoted to the question of the relationship of Marx to Dante . . .

The paragraph in question opens thus: "Although Marx does not speak of Dante in his writings . . ." Taken literally, this is at variance with the facts. Clements seems to have read *Das Kapital,* so it appears strange that he should have forgotten that Marx quotes from Canto 24 (*Paradiso*) in a discussion on price and money. An individual who would confuse the two, says Marx, "would get the same answer as St. Peter gave in heaven to Dante . . ." Later in the same work Marx discusses the report of the Children's Employment Commissioners dealing with conditions in the match factories "pestilent with phosphorus." He concludes: "Dante would have found the worst horrors of his *Inferno* surpassed in this manufacture."

I think too that Mr. Clements would have enjoyed the Dantesque description of the Inhalation Room of the sulphur baths in Argenteuil where Marx had gone in a vain effort to recover his health in 1882. Writing to Engels he says: "The atmosphere is darkly clouded with sulphur fumes. At a table there are zinc funnels with prongs. Men muffled up from head to foot in rubber garments march in single file around this table every five minutes and suck from the funnels pulverized, sulphur-laden steam. A true scene out of Dante's *Inferno.*"

More serious, in my opinion, is [Mr. Clements's] assertion: "But there is no acceptance of Dante as a contemporary. . . . The Marxist view of society could hardly be more alien to that of Dante." In my opinion Mr. Clements is wrong on both counts. It is safe to say that both Marx and Engels would have strongly disagreed with him. . . . Paolo Milano, editor of the *Portable Dante* (Viking), says . . . : "Friedrich Engels was not too much off the mark when, in an address to Italian Socialists, he called Dante the first universal mind of our modern era." . . . most if not all of the Italian Marxist literary scholars and philosophers agree. . . . Mr. Clements's feeling [about] the influence of Dante on Marx is justified and . . . is a theme eminently worthy of investigation. . . .

For the benefit of those readers who will once again turn to Mr. Clements's article, two errors must be pointed out. First, the date of the writing of the first preface to Volume 1 of *Capital* was 1867, not 1864. Secondly, "*Segui il tuo corso, e lascia dir le genti*" is the way Dante and Marx have it, not *la gente* as in Mr. Clements's article.

Harry Martel.

New York, N.Y.

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An Election Year to Remember

The Making of the President—1964, *by Theodore H. White (Atheneum. 431 pp. $6.95), and* ***The Road to the White House,*** *by the staff of the New York Times, edited by Harold Faber (McGraw-Hill. 305 pp. $6.95), chronicle the often incredible course of a political contest whose outcome was seldom in doubt. Margaret L. Coit, a biographer and historian, covered the 1964 campaign from England.*

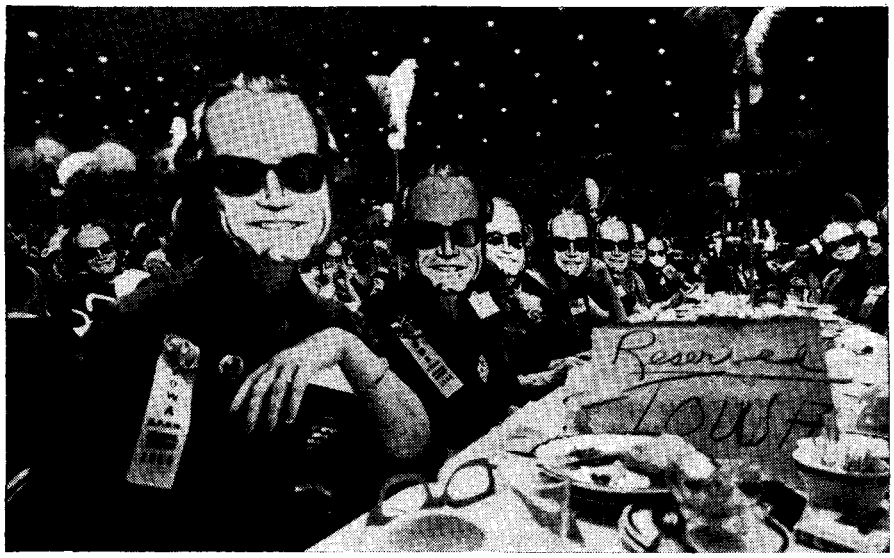
By MARGARET L. COIT

THEODORE WHITE's *The Making of the President—1960* has already attained the status of a minor classic. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize, it inspired a brilliant television documentary and has become a standard textbook, not only in the college classroom but for practicing politicians from wardheelers to Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson. Its announced successor has been awaited with skepticism as well as anticipation, because of the all-too-obvious differences between the Presidential races of 1960 and of 1964.

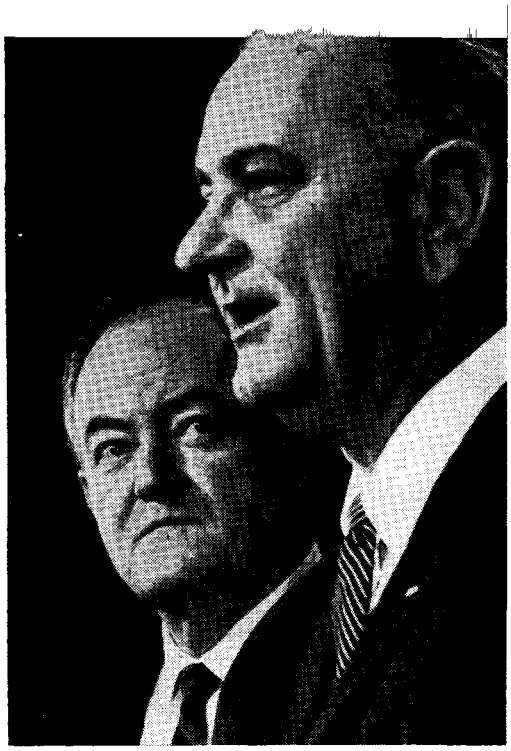
In 1960 the contest was between the well if not always favorably known Nixon and Kennedy, virtually unknown at the beginning of the campaign and at "the end of his march" still curiously one-dimensional. He was more an image than a man, his record was still before him, his legend had yet to engulf him. The drama was in the race itself, the closest in nearly a century. In 1964 the clash was between strongly etched personalities; as White defines it, it was the puritan vs. the pragmatist, the idealist vs. the realist, the prophet vs. the preacher.

That White could "do it again" seemed doubtful; that his format would be challenged was inevitable. Seven weeks before the scheduled publication of *The Making of the President—1964,* the *New York Times* got under the wire with *The Road to the White House,* a brisk, readable account of the making and election of the President in 1964. It is well-documented, rich with political guidelines and folklore—in fact, a reasonable enough facsimile of White's earlier book to have given him some cause for concern had he tried to repeat his success of 1960. The point is, he did not.

Naturally there are certain similarities between the two new books. Both are filled with the small details that illuminate history: the "walking courier" (who carries emergency defense plans for use in the event of nuclear attack) moving from the hospital door of the President who had died to the door of the room where the living President waited; Johnson crouching below window level in an unmarked car on the dash from Parkman Hospital to Love Field; the roll of exposed film tossed from the moving Air Force One so that the American people might know that a President had been sworn in. The story of those days in November has been told again and again, but never more movingly than in White's prose.



Goldwater supporters at a rally in Louisville—"oddities and paradoxes."



—Photos from "The Road to the White House."

President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey—the vote was foreordained.

Then follow the oddities and paradoxes of that most incredible of elections. We see Johnson impatiently hurling aside polls that showed him carrying 79 per cent of the vote in Rhode Island and 99 per cent of the Negro vote in Ohio (both of which he did). We hear him directing traffic and barking Biblical texts through a bullhorn, and bellowing to his aides that he was getting bigger crowds than Kennedy had. (He was.) It was an election where Goldwater's most wildly applauded speech went virtually unheard (the public address system had broken down), and where Johnson campaigned in New England on the ground that he was a better Republican than Goldwater was, with kind words for incumbent Republican Senators Smith of Maine and Aiken of Vermont. As the *Times* points out, from the viewpoint of reporters the foreordained result may have made the contest seem dull; but from the viewpoint of the historian it was dramatic indeed.

The vital difference between the two books is this: the *Times* assumes that there *was* a contest and cites the details. If, for instance, you yearn to know all about William Miller, his childhood, his family, his legislative achievements and goals, and how and why he was nominated, it is all there. For the student of the 1964 election the *Times* book has undeniable value. But, being an on-the-spot compilation by editors and staff, it has something of the bland, homogenized quality of the better college texts "written" by three professors. Literature is not an act of togetherness.

On the other hand, had James Reston,

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Civil rights pickets outside the San Francisco Cow Palace—the "old morality" was not enough.

the most prescient observer of the entire campaign, been given the assignment alone, with access to the best of the other contributions, his book might have offered White a challenge. Reston saw early as the real issue Goldwater's fierce belief that the world had to choose between Communist "slavery" and freedom. He further saw that Goldwater was attempting to deal with something beyond the issues: "the essential human ends of human life." And, despite Johnson's generalities on the coming world revolution, his definition of the function of politics as "to make mass extinction impossible," Reston still thought that not one speech on either side shed any light on American national purposes or on how "to avoid a major war in Southeast Asia." At the end of the campaign he concluded, prophetically, that the world was already seeing us "as an inexperienced and violent giant."

As it is, however, the *Times* volume is written with precision, the White book with poetry; the one is good journalism, the other may well be literature. Both begin at the inevitable starting place, as the shots rang out in Dallas; but White's echoes to a different drumbeat. For him, it was as if a star-shell had burst, "illuminating a farther darkness into which man had never peered before."

The election, White declares, was over before it began, as Goldwater himself sensed. So White has not written a book about the election. He has, rather, written a book about America in crux and flux, with great forces coming to a crest. Kennedy had sensed them and hoped to guide them; Johnson rides and uses them; Goldwater sought to thwart them. Yet all three men strove to bring the people to some realization of their meaning. Goldwater, writes White, moved people as much by his anguished concern as did Johnson and Humphrey with their happy hopes. This was an election in which candidates struggled to come to grips not so much with each other as with the tumultuous and sometimes overwhelming forces of our time.

In struggling to define them White's prose is eloquent, moving, soaring. He is aware of the relative unimportance of the immediate issues, which involved the usual stances of the two parties: big government vs. states' rights, private welfare vs. public welfare, foreign policy—whether to "win" the war in Vietnam, as Goldwater wanted, or to contain it, as Johnson advocated. These issues merely provided ways and means of dealing with the new forces, which could be defined as (1) the mass or computer society, (2) the Negro revolution and its terrifying counterpart of violence in the streets, (3) the threat of nuclear power, and (4) the threat of all of these combined into one overwhelming force—fear. And it is indicative of the difference between the two books that where the *Times* gives three pages to the Negro resurgence, White devotes two entire chapters and parts of others to it.

There is much else besides. White gives us a brilliant, stabbing portrait of the "Eastern Establishment." He found the primaries even more bloody than those of 1960, and where Humphrey, then seemingly at the end of a long mountain road, was his hero in the earlier book, this time it is Rockefeller, "slugging it out," greying and weary; and it must be said that the Rockefeller-Murphy divorces are given full and tasteful treatment, with compassion for all the parties concerned. But White soft-pedals the influence of Rockefeller's money in the close California race, where Goldwater's dedicated doorbell ringers went out and collected signatures for "Rocky" at fifty cents apiece and turned the money over to the Goldwater campaign.

But it is the titanic figure of Johnson that dominates both books—from the first months, when as "President of all the people" he was proving that the best politics are no politics, answering questions on Bobby Baker by discussing the Polaris submarine, and was, in short, "as nonpartisan as the Ten Commandments." He swarms over every page, putting the Presidency on display, stampeding into the crowds, haranguing them in earthy, barnyard language, half FDR and half Huey Long. He was happily discovering that he could be both himself, the Texas Ranger, and Big Daddy, the philosophical, fatherly President-figure; a liberal running as a conservative who stood for continuity, not change; a twentieth-century President running as Andrew Jackson. The crowds who cheered him did not necessarily like him, but they were stunned, fascinated, overwhelmed by him.

The surprise in both books is the treatment given Goldwater, a man whose charm was so evident both before and after his threat as a Presidential contender. He emerges as a figure of dignity and decency, whose warmth actually united the working reporters into a kind of protective association to guard him from his most impulsive utterances and find out what he was really trying to say.

WHITE underestimates the importance of the geographical issue in the campaign, a fact also underestimated by the Eastern liberals, who all along dismissed the Goldwater following as kooks and amateurs and failed to realize that the thinking in Hutchinson, Kansas, is as important votewise as the thinking in New York City. Goldwater happened because nobody "of importance" believed that he could. Goldwater talk was rampant through the Middle West and the mountain states from 1960 on, cutting across party and ideological lines. It had nothing to do with race and little to do with conservatism; the West wanted a President whose name was not Lodge or Rockefeller or Kennedy. After Dallas, the West had a President; the solid base of Goldwater support was shattered, and Goldwater became the virtual captive of one section and one ideology.

Never has the Negro revolution in the South been written of more movingly than by White, or with more compassion for the torments of the individual Southerner, black and white alike, caught in the vise of fear and custom. Historian Samuel Eliot Morison's brooding forecast of "little civil wars" to come is echoed by North Carolina's liberal Gov-

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ernor Sanford, who predicts that if the South were federally occupied, or if the Negroes rose and "butchered" the whites, his state "would stand by fellow-whites everywhere, law or no law."

The Harlem riots of last summer, White contends, were not race riots at all but simple anarchy, "a revolt led by wild youth against authority . . . [of] a society that had taken too long to heed them." The *Times* agrees with him. And White cites the dismay of Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, at "teen-age Negro hoodlums . . . . [who are] really beating up the six-year-old Negro girls who dared to go to school in New Orleans through a screaming crowd of white mothers." White also refutes the dogma that "whitey" (the "power structure") can be entirely blamed for the awful tragedy of human beings trapped in concrete jungles, looking as though through glass at the society of abundance beyond their reach.

IT was, of course, the "old morality" that nominated Goldwater: the people who hated adultery and Communism and waste and foreign aid. It was what Reston defined as "the deep feeling of regret" over the loss of "simplicity and fidelity." As White notes, "Goldwater caused nerve-ends to twinge with his passion and indignation"; there was "no questioning the conscience of this conservative."

But Goldwater's impact was dulled by his inability to recognize the moral aspects of the Negro question. Nor did he see the distinction between the morality of great social causes and the morality of individuals. This was a difference clear to John Kennedy, who, on the one hand, could damn "the materialism of our culture" and, on the other, map the outlines of the Great Society. But not Goldwater. With no real understanding of the greater problems of the computer world, Goldwater had no solution but the Bible. And Johnson, with all the simple answers that only a complex mind can devise, offered the Good Book and the Golden Rule and John F. Kennedy, "up there in Heaven watching us." If Goldwater could deplore the absence of any mention of God in the Democratic platform, Johnson could call for the erection of a memorial to God in Washington. Finally came the Jenkins case, which Goldwater scorned to exploit, and the nation shrugged it off, while Khrushchev and Douglas-Home vanished from the world scene and the first nuclear bomb was detonated in China.

It seems self-evident that in the end the overwhelming issue of 1964 was fear: fear of a major war, fear of escalation of the war in Vietnam, fear of Goldwater's finger on the nuclear trigger, for what was fascinating in a candidate was frightening in a President. Furthermore, as White notes, Goldwater was on record "against almost everything," with Johnson countering, "We're in favor of a lot of things and we're against mighty few." If Goldwater aroused fear of the future, Johnson aroused fear of Goldwater. The Republican candidate was not running against Johnson so much as against himself, against the image that Johnson chose to make of him. Furthermore, he was handicapped by his inside knowledge of what went on in the Pentagon; there was much that he knew to be true which, as a patriot, he could not talk about.

The fear reached panic proportions overseas; neither book gives adequate treatment to this. Johnson was looked upon as heir not only to the Kennedy team but to the Kennedy concepts. Unlike Goldwater, he was clever enough not to betray his ignorance by his utterances. Abroad, Goldwater was described as the kind of man whose idea of foreign policy would be to send the bombers to North Vietnam and the Marines to Latin America.

As they have done for thirty years, the people fearfully voted their pocketbooks: the elderly for Social Security, the farmers for supports. The over-all agreement was on the continuance of a centralized "welfare state at home and coexistence with the Communists abroad." And, in the end, perhaps they also voted for the Johnson vision, for the future as against the past.

Ever since, the Republicans have, of course, been viciously blaming each other in general and Goldwater in particular for their defeat. As Reston put it, Goldwater had wrecked his party "and the conservative cause, as well." Yet this man, conspicuous by his absence from recent "unity" conclaves, may well have saved what remnants of his party are left. Tom Wicker in his introduction to *The Road to the White House* makes what is perhaps the most interesting point in the two books. Had Goldwater not run, or had he voted for civil rights as White wishes that he had, George Wallace would have run, carried the Deep South in a kind of "poisonous secession from the two-party system," and come in second in the Electoral College.

POLITICS is a process which should slowly bring to public concern all the private worries and hidden hopes of individuals. Generation after generation, formal politics in America has been disrupted by the sudden delivery, center stage, of a concern that had once been entirely private and apart from government. Hunger and sickness were once matters of private charity; jobs and employment were once the responsibility of private industry. The beauty of the wilderness was once nature's endowment and nature's care; a man's wealth was once his own to spend; and the poor's misery, their own to bear. Government's first concern long ago in Western civilization, as it still must be in Asia and Africa today, was to provide discipline and order so that men could be safe. Each new concept of government offered by the extreme fringe of those who looked ahead was hailed with shrieks and mourning.

So, too, it will probably be as Lyndon Johnson moves through his Presidency to the far edge of the present plateau. For on the far edge of the plateau lie problems which we in this decade cannot conceive of as political.

Politics—in short-range American technical terms—will be made by Republicans and Democrats. . . . But politics in the longer-range sense . . . will be made by thinkers.

—From "The Making of the President—1964."

Aftermath of an election: abandoned placards in New Orleans.

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The View from Capitol Hill

How They Became President: Thirty-five Ways to the White House, *by Rexford G. Tugwell (Simon & Schuster. 587 pp. $8.95), and* ***American Roulette: The History and Dilemma of the Vice Presidency,*** *by Donald Young (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 367 pp. $6.95), analyze respectively the various means employed by aspirants to our country's highest office, and the criteria by which their potential successors have been chosen. Louis W. Koenig's recent "The Chief Executive" is a study of the Presidency.*

By LOUIS W. KOENIG

IT IS not surprising that the machinery of the American Presidency, being the center that it is of free men's hopes and expectations, is coming in for increasing scrutiny these days. Two new books focus respectively upon how one becomes President and upon the experience and condition of the Vice Presidency, a not infrequent route to the Presidency itself.

In *How They Became President* Rexford Tugwell analyzes the steps which thirty-five men have taken to occupancy of the White House. The combined experience produces no model or road map, however, by which one could set forth with assurance of fulfilling an ambition to become President. Many types of men have become President by varying combinations of means. Theodore Roosevelt was mercurial, opinionated, aggressive, and loquacious. William McKinley was passive, complaisant, and evasive. At one moment the American electorate chose Eisenhower: mature, deferential to business, little troubled with intellectual concerns, a believer in weak government; at another it turned to Kennedy: young, volatile, intellectual, eager for power, and with an expansionist view of the office.

In the fierce business of achieving the White House, the means the thirty-five Presidents have employed have also varied markedly. William McKinley was the impeccable favorite of the professional politicians, a "safe man." He stood for the right things; his front-porch campaigns were a reaffirmation of the accepted attitudes, and where they did not quite cover the nation's problems, he indulged in some of the smoothest doubletalk known to politics. A John Kennedy, in contrast, staged a campaign that was managed by amateurs, and he was at best only grudgingly accepted by the professionals.

On the basis of the experience of the thirty-five, Tugwell finds that despite the variation there are certain rules and tendencies that the aspirant will do well to heed. He must beware of the myth that the office seeks the man. Experience clearly demonstrates that the office comes most often to those who put all else aside and plot to achieve it. It is better to be faithful to the party than not, as the successes of Van Buren, Hayes, Coolidge, Truman, and many others testify. Few instances of party irregularity have turned out well. Willkie in 1940 is one of the better exceptions, but even he represented a schismatic group within the party. Able men who were conspicuously Presidential timber, such as LaGuardia, Norris, Root, Douglas, and Kefauver, were passed over by the parties' powerful.

Mr. Tugwell enters several reservations to our processes of Presidential selection. He is troubled by their susceptibility to the Kennedy-type quest, "a naked, savage conquest, dependent on the use of vast wealth." He wonders, given the vast responsibilities of the Presidency, whether a system that gives preference to the limited talents of a Buchanan and a McKinley can be depended upon to produce the great President of the future—one who can give the nation security from annihilation and muster the productive facilities already available to eliminate slums, hunger, and civil discord. The author acknowledges Lyndon Johnson's exhortation to the Great Society, but notes that it remains "to be bodied forth." Throughout, Mr. Tugwell treats his subject with rich historical learning and admirable grace of style, with a gift for the telling detail and with wonderfully illuminating insights, informed and aided, no doubt, by his own close-range association with practical executive politics as a member of Franklin Roosevelt's Brain Trust and as a Governor of Puerto Rico. This book will endure as the definitive treatment of the subject.

In *American Roulette* Donald Young, a political historian and editor of the *Encyclopedia Americana*, explores the history and dilemma of the Vice Presidency, an office long the butt of our jokes, but more recently the object of our growing concern. The twentieth century has made us aware of the vulnerability of the President to illness and assassination, tragedies drawing attention to his understudy, the Vice President. Since 1896, six of the eight men who entered the White House by election have died or have been seriously incapacitated while in office. Five of the twelve Presidents who have served since 1900 have been the targets of assassins at some time during their public careers, in two instances fatally. We engage in "roulette" in the sense that traditionally we choose our Vice Presidents with little concern that they might succeed to the Presidency. Six of the eight Vice Presidents who in the course of our history have succeeded to our highest office were nominated at conventions where little if any consideration was given to such a possibility.

Although this book deals with all the Vice Presidents in terms of who they were, how they got there, and what they did, it is especially useful in tracing the marked recent growth of the post which its first incumbent, John Adams, described as "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." The modern expansion began with Henry Wallace's undertaking of important administrative duties in World War II, and spurted forward during the tenure of Richard Nixon, who served as chairman of the President's Committee on Government Contracts and initiated the office's persistent involvement in civil rights matters. Nixon functioned also as political campaigner, liaison to Capitol Hill, and emissary abroad. The Johnson and Humphrey experiences have solidified these tendencies.

Mr. Young is anxious that the Vice Presidency be strengthened, with more staff and better housing. He astutely analyzes the knotty problems of the Vice President's role in cases of Presidential disability and of a vacancy in the Vice Presidency, such as occurred after Kennedy's assassination. He looks with approval at the current Bayh amendment which deals with both problems. The reader who would like a bright, well-covered, up-to-date account of the nation's vital second office can do no better than to take up Mr. Young's book.

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The walking tank that ate like a rabbit

Here is one of the oddest and most indestructible creatures that ever lived—*Ankylosaurus*—a dinosaur built like a tank.

Heavy armor covered his head and back . . . a phalanx of sharp spikes defended each flank . . . and his club-like tail could deliver a lethal blow.

Under his bristling exterior, *Ankylosaurus* was a peaceful vegetarian. He is one of the nine life-sized dinosaurs you'll see in Sinclair Dinoland at the New York World's Fair.

Among them is *Brontosaurus* . . . Sinclair's trademark, who lived a hundred million years ago when Nature was mellowing the petroleum that Sinclair now refines into the best gasolines and oils.

Youngsters, especially, are thrilled by this scientific re-creation of prehistoric times.

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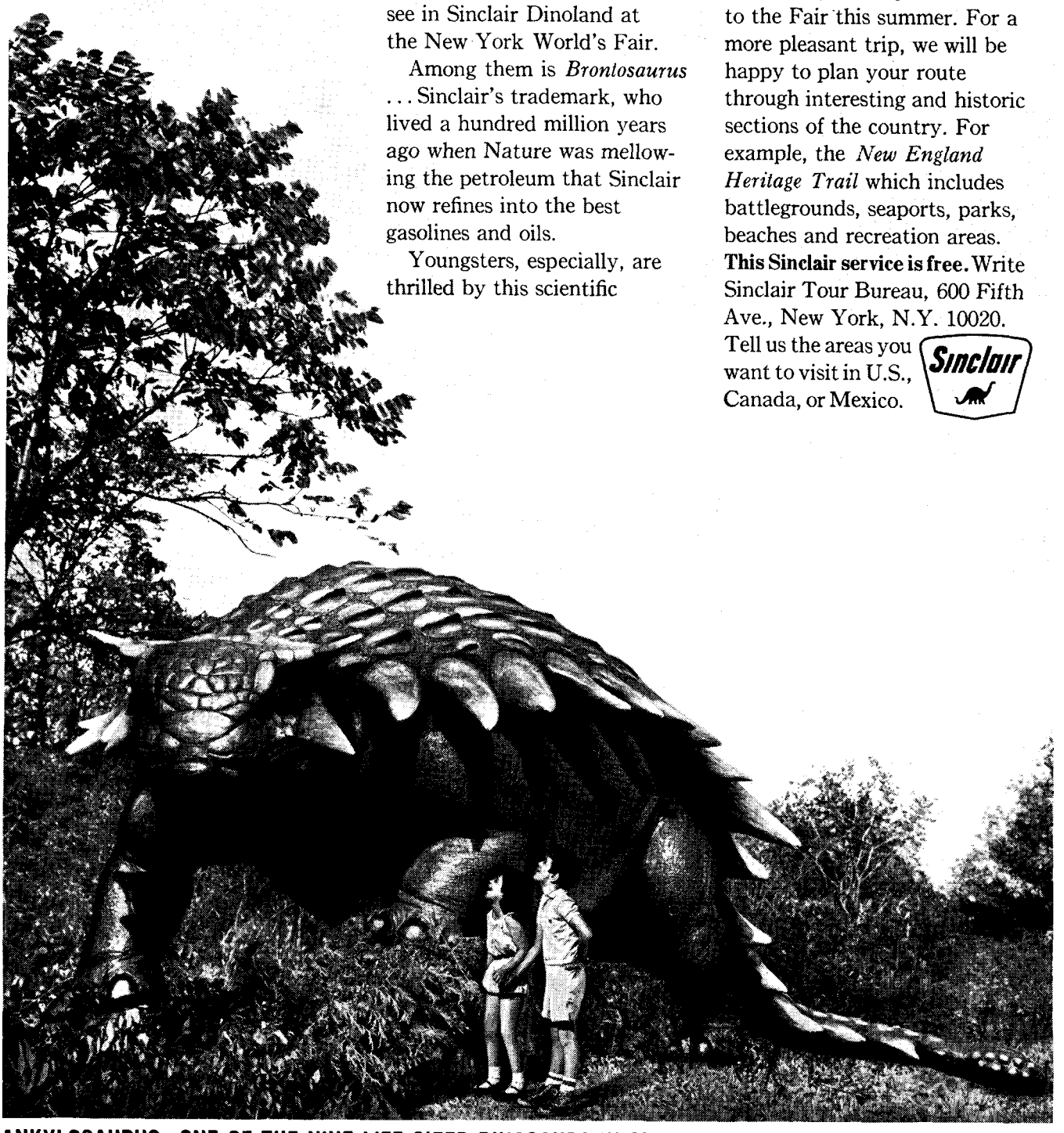

ANKYLOSAURUS—ONE OF THE NINE LIFE-SIZED DINOSAURS IN SINCLAIR DINOLAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

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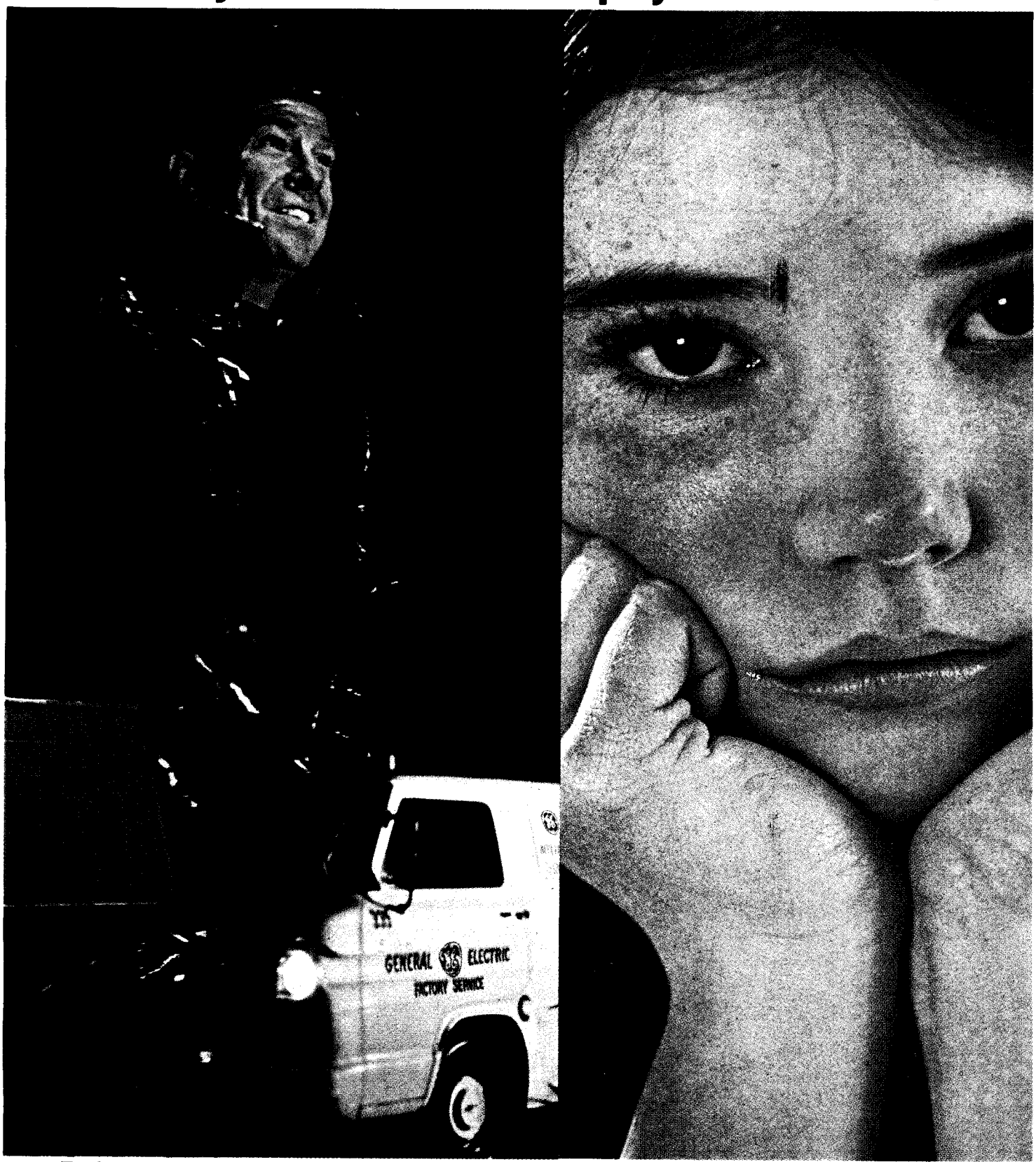
It's raining. Your dryer won't dry. Who cares?

Party tonight. Record player broken. Who care



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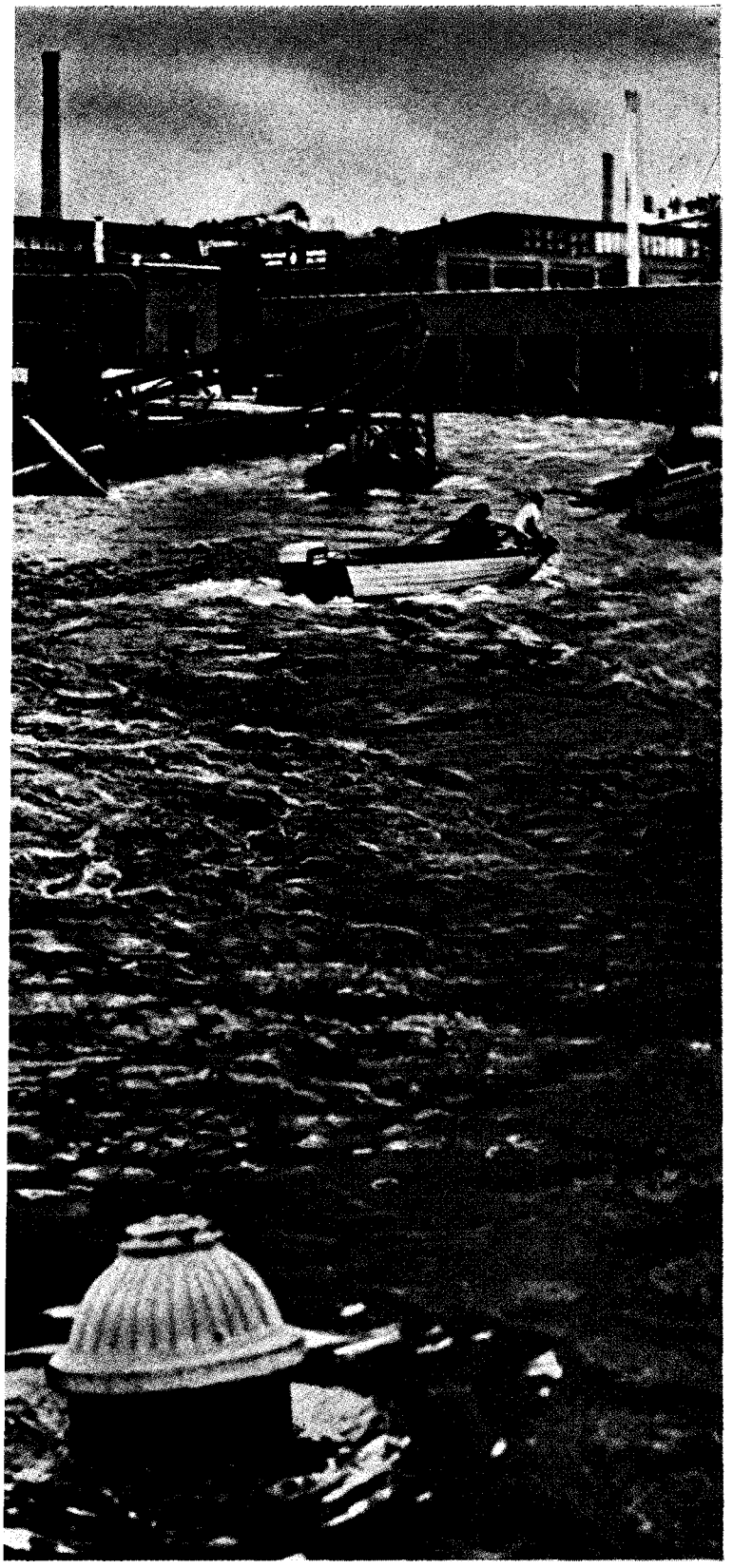
Plant knocked out by flood. Who cares?



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ANNOUNCING *SR's* THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO HAWAII**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1966, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1965.

SR's 1964 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Helen G. Russell of Gorham, Maine, professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, 1964 winner of the grand prize for color. Miss Russell won a round-trip to Hong Kong for her picture of a child in a sampan.

F. B. Grunzweig, public information officer of the U.N. Secretariat, 1964 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Grunzweig's photograph, taken in Kennedy Airport, won him a round-trip flight to Paris.

Saturday Review

380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of SATURDAY REVIEW and the McCALL CORP., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1964, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. **Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either slides *or* prints. Do not send slides and prints of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPH CONTEST DEPARTMENT. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1965, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of SATURDAY REVIEW, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1966. Winning pictures become the property of SATURDAY REVIEW.

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The Presidents in the Family

—Bradford Bachrach.

The young Franklin Roosevelt with his family—not a "maverick."

The Roosevelts: American Aristocrats, *by Allen Churchill (Harper & Row. 341 pp. $6.95), surveys the "remarkably unremarkable" dynasty that produced two outstanding Presidents. Nathaniel Burt wrote "The Perennial Philadelphians."*

By NATHANIEL BURT

AMERICA has had only three Presidential family dynasties: the Adamses, father and son, who were high-minded failures; the Harrisons, "Old Tippecanoe" and his grandson, who were political nonentities, and the Roosevelts.

The Roosevelts certainly were neither failures nor nonentities. The blood relationship between Theodore and Franklin was complicated: Theodore was Franklin's sixth cousin and his uncle-in-law. Yet for all this distance they were part of one close-knit family. It was no accident that Franklin's father met his mother at the house of Theodore's widowed mother, that Theodore's brother Elliott was Franklin's godfather, and that Elliott's daughter became Franklin's wife. When, later on, the political split between the Republican Oyster Bay branch and the Democratic Hyde Park branch became bitter, the Oyster Bayers called Franklin a "maverick" Roosevelt. This was spite, not fact. Both branches remained in constant contact through the generations.

Allen Churchill's book about this family, both Oyster Bayers and Hyde Parkers, is certainly the liveliest and best of three books on the subject. The other two, the Partridge volume of 1936 and the Schriftgiesser one of 1942, suffered from the fact that the epic was not over. Not until the death of Eleanor Roosevelt in 1962 could the story begin to have shape. The shape it takes is instructive. Only one-third of the book covers the whole history of the family from the seventeenth century to Theodore Roosevelt. This indicates pretty fairly the balance of interest. How could such remarkably unremarkable people have produced two such remarkable Presidents?

Churchill doesn't say. He recounts what is to be recounted about their rise through the generations; but he makes few attempts to explain their twentieth-century emergence, beyond a few references to Victorian civic spirit and "noblesse oblige." It is in this area, really, that the book fails to be what it might have been. The broader political, class, sociological implications are missing. For instance, Churchill constantly brings out the fact that the Hyde Park Roosevelts remained Democrats after the Civil War despite their staunch pro-Union sympathies. Why? This is crucial to an understanding of FDR. His attack on "malefactors of great wealth" (Theodore's phrase) was a direct family inheritance.

The "malefactors" accused Franklin of being a "traitor to his class." They were quite wrong. He was not of their class, but of an older, socially superior class of those who achieved position during the Revolution. These people retired from trade to the land, felt themselves spiritual peers of ante-bellum plantation owners, and despised the robber barons and their post-bellum Republican politics. That's why people like the Hyde Park Roosevelts remained Democrats, and one reason why Franklin created the New Deal to put the robber barons in their place. That's why the book fails to live up to the promise of its subtitle, "American Aristocrats."

Nothing of this sort of background interpretation gets into the book. As a result, it is not the book it might have been, but perhaps it is for that reason livelier and more amusing. The communiqué of the French ambassador after a "promenade" with Teddy is worth the price of the book.

The author is both sympathetic and critical without being slavish or mean. If you want to know *who* the Roosevelts were, this book will tell you, entertainingly. It will not tell you (perhaps no book could) *why.*

Snow, Rain, and Public Wrath: When J. Edward Day was appointed Postmaster General by President Kennedy, he kept asking himself the question: "Why? Why me?" Mr. Day was puzzled because he knew that traditionally the chairman of the party in power gets to handle the big patronage operations that are an important adjunct of the Post Office Department.

Before long Mr. Day found an answer. "The chief political manager of the Kennedy Administration," he writes, "was also in charge of the political aspects of the Post Office Department. That man was not Democratic National Chairman John Bailey . . . The man in charge of both was Bobby Kennedy, the Attorney General."

This may have been all to the good, because Mr. Day was able to devote his time and energies to improving the postal service. *My Appointed Round: 929 Days as Postmaster General* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95), an account of all the weird things that happened to him, is loaded with lively anecdotes and packed with wry witticisms. Mr. Day used to work closely with Adlai Stevenson, and it may be that some

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of that gentleman's celebrated humor rubbed off on him.

Running the postal service would appear to be the daffiest of all the wild rat races. The PMG is under constant shellfire from every known direction. Great, raging hordes of Congressmen kick him around, and he is under steady abuse from the general public.

Mr. Day placed a restriction on the size of envelopes because the smaller ones were jamming the postal machinery; immediately came loud cries of "dictatorship." He tried to solve the problem of dogs biting mailmen—7,000 get gnawed each year—and the humane groups descended on him. He tried to cope intelligently with the problem of pornography and the wowsers chewed him to shreds. Almost every commemorative stamp was greeted with hoots and catcalls. If, for example, the American flag appears on such a stamp, the superpatriots set up a holler, saying that canceling the stamp desecrates Old Glory. Ye gods.

The major assault came when Mr. Day introduced the ZIP code. It is, he writes, "more important, more extensive, and more promising than any [system] since free delivery started a century ago . . . But the great public interest, or more precisely, the great public furor whipped up by the introduction of ZIP raged no more angrily than the one in 1863, when the Post Office Department came up with another outrageously controversial innovation—addressing mail by street and number."

It is almost impossible to read Mr. Day's book without reaching the conclusion that we are a nation of miserable whiners. It would seem likely that he was a happy man when he stepped out of the Cabinet and returned to lawyering. His book, incidentally, is quite well written, and not ghosted—he is a qualified author, having published a novel some years ago. It would be a good thing if *My Appointed Round* could be read by every American who ever licked a stamp. —H. ALLEN SMITH.

"An Ecumenical Milestone"
—TIME MAGAZINE

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DOUBLEDAY

Inside the Twentieth Century

***Procession,** by John Gunther (Harper & Row. 514 pp. $6.95), assembles from the author's famous "Inside" books pen portraits of some of the men who have made our history during the past four decades. John M. Allison, former ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia, is deputy acting chancellor of the Center for Cultural and Technical Interchange Between East and West at the University of Hawaii at Honolulu.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

LORD BYRON once said, "The end of all scribblement is to amuse." At least A. Edward Newton said he did, and used the quotation as an excuse (which he didn't need) for his own delightful essays on book-collecting. John Gunther not only amuses, he informs; and for those of us who were active, even in a small way, in international affairs during the Thirties, he vividly brings back scenes and persons we had almost forgotten.

The procession of movers and shakers which Gunther exhibits for us leads off with the three pre-World War II dictators, Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin. Before we have finished we have seen and in some degree come to know all the high and the mighty, as well as some who wished to be. The list runs from FDR, Winston Churchill, Eisenhower, de Gaulle, the Emperor of Japan, and General MacArthur to "Showboy" Nkrumah of Ghana and Mr. Crump of Memphis, with numerous others in between.

Most of the chapters in this long but never dull book have been taken from Mr. Gunther's "Inside" books of the past thirty years without substantial change. The author has added postscripts bringing the story up to date and, when necessary, admitting errors of judgment or fact.

It is remarkable how few such errors there are. In almost every case Mr. Gunther's ability to size up character enabled him to give the true essence of the people he was writing about at the time he first prepared these studies.

The author's over-all judgments of people, after a lifetime of interviewing and writing about public figures all over the world, are intriguing. He says that the three finest persons in public life when he was writing were Adlai Stevenson, Pandit Nehru, and Chaim Weizmann. He doesn't claim they were always the most effective, but in terms of character they were tops. He believes that FDR will go down in history as one of our three greatest presidents, the others being Washington and Lincoln. This, together with his judgment that MacArthur, albeit a great man, was less than perfect, will not endear Gunther to large segments of the Republican Party, but it is questionable whether this will cause him to lose much sleep. On the other hand, there will not be many to quarrel with his statement that on the death of Sir Winston Churchill "The whole free world joined in mourning the passing of its greatest citizen."

It is extremely difficult to pick from the varied fare offered any one piece that deserves more attention than another. Perhaps the chapter on Emperor Hirohito of Japan, written in 1938, and that on General MacArthur, written in 1950, dealing as they do in many respects with the same basic background, deserve special mention.

Although Gunther had not met Hirohito (few foreigners had) at the time he first wrote about him, he had apparently read everything he could find on the subject and talked to everyone who could tell him anything. The chapter shows considerable sensitivity and understanding of that unique institution which was then (and still is) the Emperor of Japan. In the chapter on MacArthur the question was raised as to whether or not the occupation reforms would outlast the occupation. Anyone who reads Gunther's chapter on the Emperor as he was in the 1930s, and then goes to Japan and sees the changes in the Imperial Household today, thirteen years after the end of the occupation, can have no doubt that some, at least, of the reforms will remain. The Emperor is still an object of deep respect and veneration to the people of Japan, but it is doubtful if ever again his position can be used for evil ends as it was by the prewar Japanese militarists. Anyone who has had the privilege of meeting and talking to His Majesty in recent years knows that such is truly his desire.

Gunther says that, with the possible exception of Chiang Kai-shek, MacArthur was the most difficult character he ever had to write about. Yet he succeeds in painting a picture that shows the general, with all his great virtues and his

(*Continued on page* 60)

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No Affection at First Sight

Edith Wharton and Henry James: The Story of Their Friendship, *by Millicent Bell (Braziller. 384 pp. $6.50), contains new information on the personal and literary relations between two major American novelists. Gay Wilson Allen is author of a biography of Walt Whitman and is currently writing a life of William James.*

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

PERHAPS the most remarkable aspect of the close friendship between Edith Wharton and Henry James is that it ever came into being. In spite of the fact that they knew many of the same people in Newport, New York, and Paris, had the same American publisher (Scribners), and found Europe more congenial than their native country, they did not meet until 1887 or '88, and did not become friends until ten years later. At the first meeting a beaded pink dress was all Mrs. Wharton could offer to the notice of the famous author of *Daisy Miller* and *Portrait of a Lady,* and at the second meeting she tried a "beautiful new hat" with no more success.

Henry James at forty-five was not a man to be attracted by expensive dresses or showy hats, or by a woman twenty years younger than himself; his preference was for older women who did not endanger his celibate devotion to his art. It was not the florid, fashionable, wealthy, and much-traveled woman who finally caught his attention, but one of her novels, *The Valley of Decision,* a chronicle of life in eighteenth-century Italy. It was a subject which Mrs. Wharton knew thoroughly from close study and familiarity with the country. James's congratulatory letter astonished her and failed to win her immediate confidence. In sending it to her editorial adviser, W. C. Brownell, she declared, "Don't ask me what I think of *The Wings of the Dove.*" She not only disliked James's recent novels, which were later to be hailed as those of his "major phase," but she also resented the almost universal opinion of critics that she was a disciple of his. By this time a strong reaction against James's recent fiction had set in in America, and his praise was not as flattering as it would have been earlier.

Nevertheless, Edith Wharton, who looked and acted like a duchess, and Henry James, portly and ambassadorial, did become friends, and enjoyed a number of motor trips together in England and France in the Panhard which she transported, with her liveried chauffeur, back and forth across the Atlantic and the English Channel. In 1904 James visited the Whartons at their great estate in Lenox, Massachusetts, and motored with her in New England. Edward Wharton was a sportsman and playboy with little interest in his wife's intellectual life, and he had begun the series of nervous or mental breakdowns that made the marriage a burden to her. James now became her confidant, and Millicent Bell has revealed many details not hitherto published.

The torments Edith Wharton went through before her divorce in 1913 were suppressed by Percy Lubbock in his *Portrait,* as were her relations with Walter Berry, a distinguished international lawyer with whom she was in love during her husband's decline. James scholars have known that she lived with Berry in Paris before her divorce, and that they did not marry after she was free; but Miss Bell is the first to give a full account. Henry James's own role in Mrs. Wharton's life during these painful years was only that of a sympathetic spectator, and his consolation was characteristic of him: "Live it all through, every inch of it—out of it something valuable will come—but live it ever so quietly . . ."

But Edith Wharton was not a Henry James heroine, and quiet renunciation was contrary to her character. Failure to take his advice, however, did not dampen either the friendship or his wit. As he grew more settled and she more restless, he called her "the whirling princess, the great and glorious pendulum, the gyrator, the devil-dancer . . . the angel of destruction . . ." He liked to pile metaphor on top of metaphor and stretch a joke to the breaking point. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish his wit from brutal frankness, but Mrs. Wharton did not seem to mind. Once she wrote a story in French and he congratulated her on having "picked up every old worn-out phrase that's been lying about the streets of Paris for the past twenty years . . ."

Millicent Bell has analyzed in great detail James's possible influence on Mrs. Wharton, but since she finds it, after all, negligible, this is the least valuable part of her book. More important is her contribution to Edith Wharton's biography, and this without access to the Wharton papers locked up in the Yale Library until 1968. But by great industry the author has found enough information in available letters—parts of James's letters deleted by Lubbock in his two-volume edition, unpublished James letters (he burned Mrs. Wharton's to him), and correspondence of friends of the two novelists—to provide intimate glimpses into the life of a writer who deserves not only a new, full-length biography, but also a literary "revival."

"No, thank you—I'm just memorizing authors and titles!"

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A Season of Silence and Thirst

Pierre Gascar: "To write is . . . a desire for redemption."

Women and the Sun, *by Pierre Gascar (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 255 pp. $4.95), contains several examples of the French long short story by the author of the Goncourt Prize-winning "Beasts and Men." Henry Peyre is professor of French literature at Yale University.*

By HENRI PEYRE

PIERRE GASCAR (whose real name is Pierre Fournier, but whose pen name may denote his Gascon origin) ranks among the most original talents of contemporary France and easily, along with Paul Morand and J. P. Sartre, among the best authors of *récits* and short stories since Maupassant. He has not yet received his full due in this country or in Britain, although two or three of his powerful stories of animals, in his Goncourt Prize volume *Beasts and Men*, are now required reading in many French classes in the United States, and his autobiographical novel *The Seed* was rated by many as close to Alain-Fournier's *The Wanderer* in dreamy poetry and closer still to Francis Carco's robust childhood memories.

Some French writers, who do not claim to load their fiction with metaphysical profundities, to explore tropisms and to juggle with time, or to invent a new geometric technique or to address their heroes and their readers in the vocative, remain obstinately on the fringe of the literature that becomes fashionable in this country. Julien Green and Jean Giono, among the men now in their sixties, have thus been obstinately underestimated; so have Emmanuel Robles and Pierre Gascar, the latter born in 1916, three years after Albert Camus. Of all the storytellers in France today, he may be said to be the closest approximation to Hemingway, with no trace of any American influence on him.

He has very sparingly offered revelations about himself, his metaphysics and his technique, and has shunned all publicity. But his novels have allowed readers to catch a glimpse of a melancholy childhood, spent in hardship and brooding solitude: his mother had died before he was ten and there was little affection spent on him. He refused to become a priest. As a teen-ager, he earned a meager subsistence working at all kinds of hard trades. World War II kept him in the army for eight years. A prisoner of war in East Germany, he was made to serve as the gravedigger for his camp; he became familiar with mental agony and death there, and he observed animals, horses especially, whose behavior and uncanny psychology he conjures up with a vividness unmatched since D. H. Lawrence. He has kept away from Existentialism and from the new, dehumanized or antihuman type of fiction, His few philosophical reflections, interspersed in his stories, are neither original nor pretentious. Yet he has a tormented soul and an exciting writer's conscience. Not long ago, in one of the very few interviews he has granted, he declared: "I work in insecurity. Literature to me is not just literature: it represents primarily a moral life, it stands for exigencies which I do not fulfill. . . . To write is a strange malady, a need to prove one's existence to oneself, . . . a self-punishment, a desire for redemption."

This volume of stories, every one of them haunting, is drawn from two French works: one, published in 1955, was entitled *Les Femmes* and contained three of the tales here translated; the other was *Soleils*, and four stories, all oppressed by an implacable Southern sun, are drawn from it. "The Women" is a humorously tragic depiction of Ukrainian women working, under German rule, in a workers' camp in East Germany during the war. One of them discovers that she has lice, to the dismay of the efficient German commander who has tried to raise these Slav prisoners to the hygienic level of the master race. The others beg the first "lousy" woman to give them one or two of the valuable vermin so as to be relieved for a day or two of forced factory labor and of the threat of Allied bombers.

"The Forest-Fire," not the most striking in the collection, conveys the sense of aloneness and neurotic despair of a woman against whom the selfish, bourgeois guests of a holiday resort all turn with pharisaic scorn. "The Asylum" is far more effective as a graphic portrayal of a half-deranged inmate in an asylum for mildly insane women: pathetically, she deludes herself into hoping for a visit from her husband, who has abandoned her. The efficient impersonality with which nurses and doctors treat the patients makes the reader shudder.

"The Watershed" is even more powerful as an evocation of the aloneness of an American woman employed by an international health organization in the Philippines. The callousness of doctors and officials who deride her seriousness and her interest in the native women, whom she attempts to convert to birth control, is revolting. She becomes the mistress of an American businessman who has returned to the swampy jungle out of a guilt complex: he wants to revisit the scene where he threw up his arms and behaved as a coward during the Japanese occupation. Insidiously, in a fashion reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence's American women drawn to Indians and Mexicans, she yields to a strange fascination which some natives hold for her.

Gascar is at his best in "Cistern" and "Marble." The first is a ferocious picture of a remote and primitive village in southern Spain; the inhabitants live in caves which they have fitted out as rudimentary houses. The enemies are the sun and the perennial lack of water. A mechanic, a little more civilized than the rest, is punished by the community for having taunted them as if they were his inferiors: they leave him at the bottom of a dry well, where he may die from thirst. "Marble" is set among marble quarries in Italy. The sun-drenched landscape, the work of the masons, their gloomy silence and their few, coarse jokes, convey the atmosphere with force. A very young workman has won the impulsive love of "the Madonna," the mistress and model of a rich sculptor nearby, to whom the marble was sold so that he could chisel madonnas for churches. She dies, blown up in a dynamite explosion in the quarry, while attempting to join her lover after a misunderstanding that had parted them.

Five translators have rendered these poignant stories into vivid English. The concreteness of the imagery, the parsimony of language, the unremitting tension, and the avoidance of all rhetoric or sentimentality should fascinate and delight the readers of a genre, the long short story, today more remarkable than the novel in French literature.

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The Underground Men

Death of a Simple Giant and Other Modern Yugoslav Stories, *edited by Branko Lenski (Vanguard. 306 pp. $5.95), introduces members of a new literary generation who are chiefly concerned with the recent history that has made their country a modern nation. Thais Lindstrom teaches Russian and comparative literature at Sarah Lawrence College.*

By THAIS S. LINDSTROM

YUGOSLAVIA is like a palimpsest. Crouched between the Alps and the Adriatic shoreline, it has received layer upon layer of occupation, ideology, religion, and empire, until the sharp crack of the shot at Sarajevo let loose the holocaust out of which the small, new, sharply individual state was born.

It is the suffering of the people smothered for 300 years under successive layers of absolutism that Ivo Andric, one of the first modern writers from Tito's Yugoslavia, dramatized in his Nobel Prize-winning novel *The Bridge on the Drina*, and to American readers he is the best-known.

The new generation of writers, grown up in the Communist era, has not followed Andric's lead. What figures crucially in their fiction is the recent reality that has wrought Yugoslavia into a modern nation. Among them Miodrag Bulatovic, only in his midthirties but considered in Western Europe as a leading avant-garde writer, Branko Copic, prolific short-story writer, and Ciril Kosmac are reliving in their work their harrowing and heroic experiences of partisan resistance of fascism. They belong to the so-called "war-obsessed" school.

In this latest literary testimony from Yugoslavia, a collection of some fifteen short stories, *The Death of a Simple Giant*, by Ciril Kosmac, and the *Shepherdess*, by Mihailo Lalic, again bring back into sharp focus the effect of the perilous resistance days. The Giant, a harmless rustic idiot, "God's child, born with a dark cloud over his mind," who is taken care of by the villagers, is strafed by a low-flying plane, and because of his bulk and strength takes marvelously long to die. His impending passion is brought out forcefully against the background of terror which the villagers obdurately ignore in their tenacious pursuit of everyday chores and even pleasures. The shepherd girl in Lalic's story carries messages to the partisans, is captured by Cetnik (quisling) sentinels, and, in a feat of extraordinary stoicism and dedication to her mission, exhibits only contempt for the jailers who torture and finally hang her. This tale told at white heat is as terse and compelling as any that has been created from the legends of resistance movements in Europe.

In antithesis to writers still haunted by the numberless unmarked graves in Yugoslav forests, a silent tribute to the four years of the fight against fascism, is the new group of "psychologists," led by Desnica, Doncevic, Marinkovic, and Voranc. They speak for present-day Yugoslavia, mutating from a predominantly agricultural country to a modern nation. Stories by these writers that appear in this collection are centered around urban derelicts who have become detached too quickly from their village collective; they languish in the towns searching for a new identity. Incapable of finding it, they experience a new kind of loneliness, and within it the slightest external trifle takes on the distorted exaggeration of a Kafkaesque nightmare. Their only escape is into dreams, and their dreams begin to intrude on the grey and stifling reality of their lives.

Such an "underground man" is the *Insect Collector* drawn by Ivan Doncevic, who in the evenings avenges himself for slights received or imagined during his office day by identifying the offender with the horse fly, dung beetle, or hornet which he impales on pins in his cardboard collection box. Yet more distorted is the story *Ashes*, by Ranko Marinkovic, which moves around a theme of festering frustration bred in morose and idle solitude. Tonko, jilted by a girl eleven years ago, feeds his jealous fantasies with plans of revenge. When she sends for him to become godfather to her newborn son, he sets out with a gift-wrapped box containing a bomb that he has decided to place in the baby's crib; the tale ends with a Pirandellian twist as Tonko loses all grip on reality when he reaches his destination. The neuroses of the uprooted, inarticulate, and lost "little" man hopelessly shut into a world of growing hallucinations and terror are as relentlessly chartered in the monologue of *The Lovers*, by Bulatovic. In the face of an incomprehensible and dehumanized world, the hero's limited, factual mentality gradually crumbles; he attempts to fight his way back to reality by beating his wife to death, and the account of his disintegration ends in a mad-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

Not only was Charles Dickens a master of eloquently written death scenes; he was rather prolific in ways and means of killing off his characters. Listed below are the names of fifteen characters from ten of the novels, and the fifteen deaths they died. R. B. Stone of Durham, New Hampshire, feels that you should have no trouble placing each character in the right novel, but challenges you to assign to each victim the correct cause of death. The coroner's report is on page 43.

1. Barkis	( )	accidentally hanged	( )	*Bleak House*
2. Stephen Blackpool	( )	beaten to death	( )	*David Copperfield*
3. Carker	( )	burned to death	( )	*Dombey and Son*
4. Sydney Carton	( )	chest injuries	( )	*Great Expectations*
5. Jonas Chuzzlewit	( )	decapitated	( )	*Hard Times*
6. Lady Dedlock	( )	drowned in the Thames	( )	*Martin Chuzzlewit*
7. Miss Havisham	( )	exhaustion and exposure	( )	*Nicholas Nickleby*
8. Krook	( )	fatally injured by a fall	( )	*The Old Curiosity Shop*
9. Abel Magwitch	( )	"He went out with the tide"	( )	*Oliver Twist*
10. Nancy	( )	ill-usage and consumption	( )	*A Tale of Two Cities*
11. Ralph Nickleby	( )	poison, self-administered		
12. Daniel Quilp	( )	railroad accident		
13. Bill Sikes	( )	shipwrecked and drowned		
14. Smike	( )	spontaneous combustion		
15. Steerforth	( )	suicide by hanging		

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ness that is streaked with Gothic horror.

It is to be regretted that the editor, Branko Lenski, has included from Ivo Andric's many admirable tales only *Neighbors*, which illustrates his facility in a genre antithetical to the saga-like texture of his best novel. Artistically, this story is a gem apart. The conscious debt to Turgenev's famous eavesdropping approach and to the other great pioneer of the short story, Anton Chekhov, in the use of the muffled ending, only heightens Andric's own power in keeping taut and exciting a flashback that telescopes a lifetime drama within six pages of seemingly irrelevant dialogue.

On the whole this collection adds little that is new to contemporary letters. Two world wars, with their aftermath of the collapse of traditional social frameworks, and the new breed of urban man spawned by a technological age are themes that have been explored time and again by writers in the West. The novelty is only in the setting and the names. The craftsmanship of these younger Yugoslav writers is for the most part uncertain: primarily concerned with content, they tend to neglect technique and plunge along at a rapid, compulsive pace after the idea. And the idea is derivative, particularly in the work of the "psychologist" group. Their analyses of the obsessive manias of modern urban man persistently recall pages from Camus, Sartre, Kafka, Céline. The positive image that does emerge is the present personality of this new socialist state. Its iconoclastic political stand is reflected in these stories by the glaring and gratifying absence of the "new positive hero" who lives to serve the Party's purposes and whose doctrinaire conformism dominates Soviet literature. In this respect the independence of Yugoslav writers appears to be as dramatic and invigorating as is the independence of Tito in relation to the rest of the Communist world.

No Peace Outside Yourself: "Take care of your life! Take good care! Don't waste it. For this, now, is your time on earth."

This command—melancholy, pagan, and as simply styled as Swedish silverware—is the theme of a newly translated 1963 novel by Sweden's sixty-seven-year-old Carl Artur Vilhelm Moberg. One of Sweden's pre-eminent contemporary writers, his American following has thus far been limited to a few devotees and members of the American Scandinavian Foundation.

A Time on Earth (translated by Naomi Walford, Simon & Schuster, $4.50) should attract new fans to Moberg, and enhance his stature here as it has in Scandinavia. In marked contrast to the detailed epic manner of his best-known novels, the art of this book is as spare and lean as a long-distance runner and as fast-moving as a sprinter.

The narrator is Albert Carlson, *né* Karlsson, a pensive Swede who emigrated to Michigan in 1920 and became successful and unhappy in real estate. He is a two-time loser at marriage and a failure as the father of two mature sons who don't need him. He has just closed out a brief business venture growing oranges in Southern California and now broods about his lonely future. Solitary strolls along the Pacific shore bring relief from the anxieties of money, Cuba, atom bombs, and earthquakes. But the power of renewal is lost for the old immigrant; the days have come when he no longer experiences anything that seems to him worth experiencing.

His thoughts frequently reach back to his childhood in Småland, a south-central Swedish province, and the tragic life of his treasured older brother, Sigfrid, who enlisted in the King's army, was sent home after sixty days, and died within the year. The mystery of Sigfrid's death gives the novel its pace, and the mentor-student relationship of the brothers provides a Bergmanesque platform for the meaning-of-life, meaning-of-death theme.

Moberg expresses a prevalent Nordic attitude toward the vicissitudes of contemporary life. In sinewy prose, skillfully constructed, he warns the reader: Seek no peace outside yourself.

—William S. Johnson.

Rob Your Way to Salvation: The satirical point of Michel Servin's *Deo Gratias* (translated by Anthony and Llewela Burgess, St. Martin's, $3.95) lurks somewhere among the following paradoxes: No matter how repulsively a man makes his living, he can rationalize it to himself as not only acceptable but even admirable . . . Although an amoral atheist may offend heinously against the laws of his God, he can still feel the beauty and spiritual comfort of religion (perhaps *only* then can he feel these things fully) . . . Some who have stolen and cheated their way to affluence try to make restitution by returning part of the booty to their victims and, in this way, achieve as serene a sense of grace as if they had always lived a life of sanctity . . . And, finally, none are so jealous of an institution's reputation and probity as those who plunder it.

Satire aside, if Michel Servin had wanted to give his novel an explicatory subtitle, it might well have been *Quam ab ecclesia furtum facere et salutem recipere* ("How to Steal from the Church and Win Salvation"). For his is largely a how-to-do-it book that describes in the most niggling detail the hundreds of ways in which one can make a handsome living by pilfering from the donative boxes in the churches of Paris. The anti-hero does his work first by day and then by night, poking around through the box openings with all manner of mechanical devices, like sharpened and twisted bicycle spokes with which to impale and fish out the bills, and sticks with string and hunks of chewed caramel toffee attached (chocolate toffee gets too crumbly too soon) with which to draw out the coins.

He extends his operations to include decorative finials, gilded cherubs, altar cloths, and other removables in the holy interiors; and all the while he is so truly reverent (never did a man seem to pray with such feeling) and so carefully prescient that, in all the years of his career, he has but two narrow escapes. As he gets more adept he becomes more greedy, and goes from the churches to libraries, postoffices, and other public buildings, even perfecting a riskless technique for snatching purses from prostitutes after posing as their gentleman of the hour.

There is no question in the reviewer's mind that this winner of the Prix International de Premier Roman and the Grand Prix de Littérature Rhodanienne has overdone the how-to nature of his latest opus by a whale of a lot. Even Melville gave us more cetology than we needed or wanted along with the story of Ahab and Moby Dick, and Servin is no Melville. —Nicholas Samstag.

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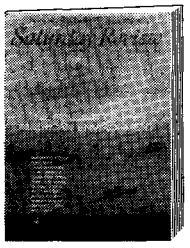

Since publication, the May 22, 1965 Saturday Review — containing the special section, **"The Fouling of the American Environment"** — has stirred thought, conversation and action all over America. ***And an unprecedented demand for copies.***

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Americana

THE SOUTH AS IT IS: 1865-1866. By John Richard Dennett. Edited by Henry M. Christman. Viking. $6.95.

UPRIVER AND DOWN: Stories from the Maine Woods. By Edmund Ware, Smith. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

Business, Economics

BUSINESS ENVIRONMENT IN AN EMERGING NATION: Profiles of Indonesian Economy. By Rossall J. Johnson, Dale L. McKeen, and Leon A. Mears. Northwestern Univ. Press. $8.50.

ESSAYS ON ECONOMIC POLICY. By Nicholas Kaldor. Norton. Two volumes, $15.

THE GREAT DISCOUNT DELUSION. By Walter Henry Nelson. McKay. $4.50.

THE PLURALISTIC ECONOMY. By Eli Ginzberg, Dale L. Hiestand, and Beatrice G. Reubens. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

PRIVATE WANTS AND PUBLIC NEEDS. (Revised edition.) Edited by Edmund S. Phelps. Norton. $4.

Crime, Suspense

DANGER AT BRAVO KEY. By Ronald Johnston. Doubleday. $3.95.

MAY YOU DIE IN IRELAND. By Michael Kenyon. Morrow. $3.95.

Current Affairs

BRITISH POLITICS IN THE COLLECTIVIST AGE. By Samuel Beer. Knopf. $8.50.

WRITERS AND POLITICS. By Conor Cruise O'Brien. Pantheon. $4.95.

Fiction

ALEXANDER THE GLORIOUS. by Jane Oliver. Putnam. $4.95.

THE HILL. By Ray Rigby. John Day. $4.50.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GOLDEN DOOR. By Philip Van Rensselaer. Trident. $4.95.

THE ICE AGE. By Tamas Aczel. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

MY SISTER, MY FRIEND. By Katherine Blake. Morrow. $3.50.

QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY. By Henry Miller. Grove. Paperback, 75¢.

THE WORLD OF SEX. By Henry Miller. Grove. Paperback, 75¢.

PINKTOES. By Chester Himes. Putnam. $5.

THE SMOKE-FILLED BOUDOIR. By Lawrence Williams. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

History

THE EUROPEAN RIGHT: A Historical Profile. Edited by Hans Rogger and Eugen Weber. Univ. of California Press. $9.50.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE, 1453. By Steven Runciman. Cambridge Univ. Press. $6.50.

Literary Criticism

CHARACTER IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Christopher Gillie. Barnes & Noble. $5.

ON THE POET AND HIS CRAFT: Selected Prose of Theodore Roethke. Edited by Ralph J. Mills, Jr. Univ. of Washington Press. $3.95.

Miscellany

ENGLISH FURNITURE. (Fifth edition.) By John Gloag. Barnes & Noble. $6.

THE REMEMBERED VISIT. By Edward Gorey. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. By Ronald Searle, Allen Andrews, and Bill Richardson. Norton. $3.95.

YOUR GUIDE TO PHOTOGRAPHY. By Helen Finn Bruce. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

Music

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF CLASSICAL MUSIC. By David Ewen. Prentice-Hall. $14.95.

Personal History

SPECIAL AGENT: A Quarter Century with the Treasury Department and the Secret Service. By Frank J. Wilson and Beth Day. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS AND FRIENDS. By Gilbert Maxwell. World. $5.95.

Psychology

THE FLIGHT FROM WOMAN. By Karl Stern, M.D. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

GUIDING THE RETARDED CHILD. By Bernice Baumgartner. The John Day Co. $6.95.

MADNESS AND CIVILIZATION: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason. By Michel Foucault. Pantheon. $5.95.

Reference

DICTIONARY OF FRENCH AND AMERICAN SLANG. Edited by M. J. Leitner and J. R. Lanen. Crown. $6.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By W. Nelson Francis. Norton. $5.

EXPERIMENTATION: An Introductory Handbook for Political Scientists. By Richard A. Brody. Northwestern Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.45.

Science

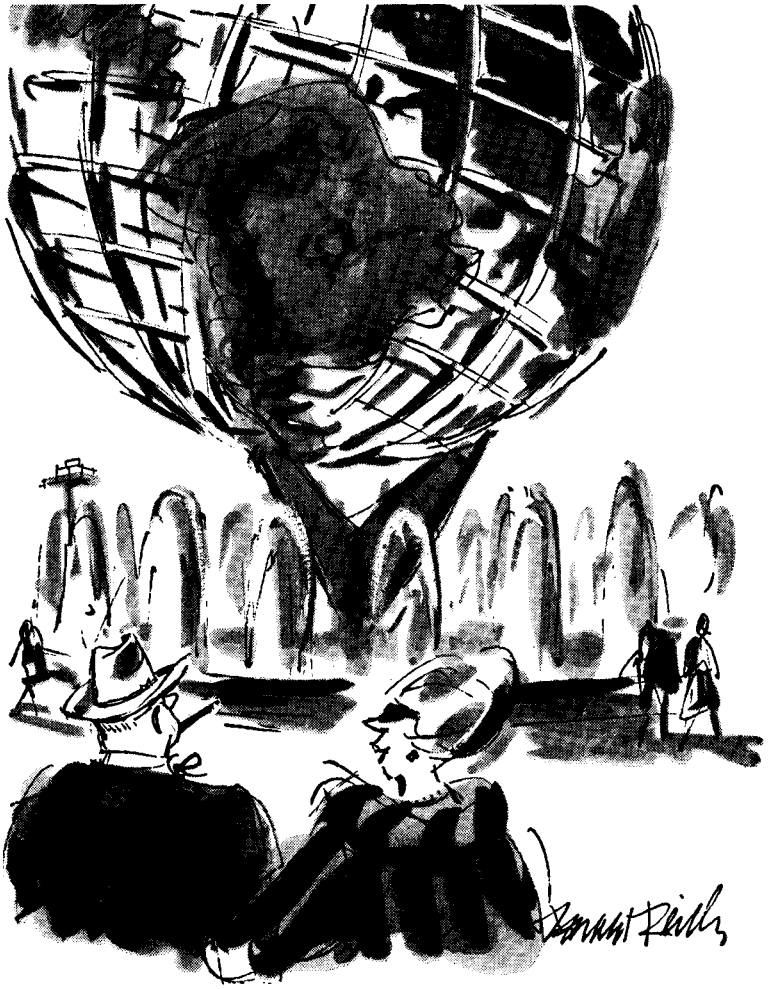
ALCOHOLISM. By Marvin Block, M.D. John Day. $5.95.

HOW TO LIVE WITH DIABETES. (Revised edition.) By Henry Dolger and Bernard Seeman. Norton. $4.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 13, 10, 7, 9, 4, 12, 6, 2, 1, 14, 5, 3, 15, 8, 11. Column Three should read: 6 and 8; 1 and 15; 3; 7 and 9; 2; 5; 11 and 14; 12; 10 and 13; 4.



"Well, if you've got your heart set on it, B.J., why don't you make Mr. Moses an offer?"

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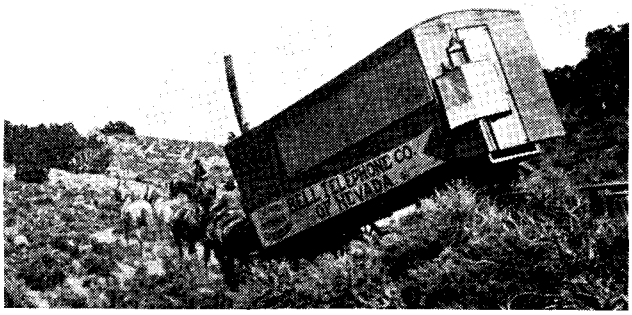
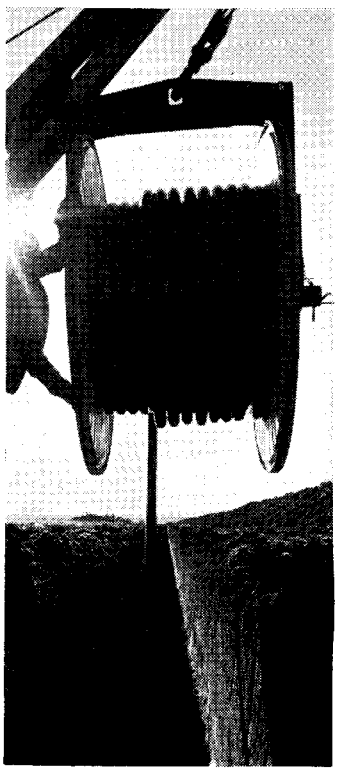
50 years ago a transcontinental phone call took 23 minutes to complete



Installers of the first transcontinental telephone line had to surmount hardships of windstorm, ice and scorching heat combined with rugged country.

The first open wire line (linked here at the Nevada-Utah border) could carry only three calls and was vulnerable to interruptions.

TODAY, WHEN YOU DIAL IT YOURSELF, THAT SAME CALL GOES THROUGH IN ABOUT 25 SECONDS (and costs about one-tenth the price)



One of our newest routes is a blast-resistant cable that can handle over 9000 multi-channel conversations.

Telephone service has come a long way since that historic call in 1915. It has grown in scope from 9,000,000 phones and a single open line spanning the continent to 88,000,000 phones and a huge network of several hundred thousand channels including 24,000 that cross the continent, via several different routes, from the east to the west coast.

Accomplishment has been the keynote since the first coast-to-coast telephone call. Improvements in local exchanges and Long Distance circuits have led to better and more efficient telephone service.

These developments have been effective in reducing the cost of calls. Fifty years ago, the cost of a three-minute call from New York to San Francisco was $20.70. Today, that same call costs you as little as $1. (Rate for 3-minute, station-to-station call, after 8 P.M. and all day Sunday, plus tax.)

And still the future is full of promise. New phones will be introduced, technology will be improved and advances made that will open up a whole new world of communications.

Today, 30,000 calls a day are completed quickly and easily between New York and the west coast and Long Distance is truly "the next best thing to being there."

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies

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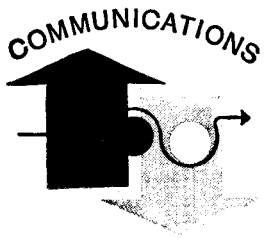
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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Money, Merger, and Monopoly

WE HAVE SPENT so much time in these columns of late talking about U.S. television—what it has done, could do, and has failed to do for the American public—that we have neglected one of the ripe journalistic stories of our day: the rising revolution inside the newspaper business. Amid mergers and threats of mergers throughout the New York newspaper structure, against the point-blank refusal of some of the printing trades unions to go along with mechanical modernizations already available but locked out by antiquated labor rules, the newspapers of this land find themselves in a general movement toward monopoly press. Walter Lippmann pointed out recently to the International Press Institute in London that "no journalist can be satisfied to print a newspaper that has no readers," and it is equally true that no newspaper publisher in his right mind will perpetually print a newspaper in a competitive situation where there is no chance of his breaking even. The disastrous newspaper strike settlements of 1962-63, coupled with panic settlements this spring in the New York area, can mean only one thing to the metropolitan newspaper business, particularly around New York: fewer papers, continuing mergers, shared presses and copy desks, gradual withdrawal from the old processes of setting type and printing, and an employment market absolutely choked with available copy editors, reporters, clerical help, and mechanical tradesmen.

Most large metropolitan newspapers in America are now having a difficult time unless they exist in monopoly situations. Beset by a general exodus to the suburbs of the higher-income, better-buying families; badgered first by radio news bulletins, then television newscasts that have taken a good deal of newspapers' reason for being away from them; belabored by an ever-increasing dependence by the metropolitan commuter on automotive transportation rather than train and trolley, big-city newspapers have been more and more subject in recent years to financial loss, failure, and merger. The evolving newspaper pattern has come to resemble very much the electric light or gas company in the typical American town: one to a city is absolutely essential, more than one economically ridiculous. This shakes down the newspaper business, even in metropolitan areas, to one afternoon and one morning property at best, and often one or the other, sometimes with day-long editions. In a monopoly situation, a combination of morning and evening papers printed on the same presses and operated from the same building can make a comfortable income and perform an essential public service, as an electric light or gas company can make a comfortable income and perform true public service simply because it's the only service of its kind available in each locality.

A very real pressure on the metropolitan press today results from the movement away from the center of the city to suburban areas and the unalterable fact that all news is ultimately local; that is, news is read from a given geographical point of view. The suburban paper is, then, sitting in the catbird seat, while the once-great metropolitan press must compete for television's national advertising dollar and with radio's insistent on-the-hour headline service. The suburban paper has no such competition since it provides largely local news and offers services that neither network radio nor TV (nor the big-city daily) can duplicate. Moreover, a suburban

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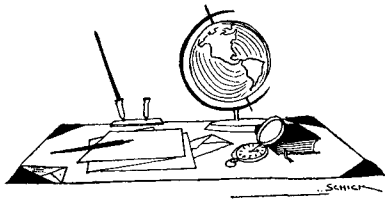
paper's retail trade area is likely to be wide, dense, growing, and prosperous. Los Angeles offers a good example of the rise in value of the suburban paper—and this includes weeklies as well as dailies. The Los Angeles metropolitan area supports more than 100 newspapers, twenty-six of them dailies (one, in the suburbs, with a circulation exceeding 150,000), whereas in Los Angeles city itself only two major publishers remain. This rural renaissance has mushroomed, at least in part, from recent development of highly efficient offset presses that require not one single linotype, compositor, printer, or stereotyper and through which good local photographs can be used several times per page at a cost far below that of old engraving procedures. In other words, it has once again



become possible, as we have reported recently in these pages, for a newspaperman with small capital to entertain that great American journalistic dream: to edit and/or own a small suburban paper that may well grow into a biweekly or even a highly profitable daily.

Having noted, however, the understandable trend toward merger and monopoly in the newspaper field, we must say aloud once more to newspaper owner and editor alike something most of the good ones continually say to themselves in the private rooms of their own consciences. Monopoly in news bears a responsibility beyond the requirement of good journalistic practice and fair play. Thomas Jefferson said of journalism: "The press is the best instrument for enlightening the mind of man, and improving him as a rational, moral, and social being." When a family owns the only editorial voice in a community, the duty to report both sides of issue or opinion becomes paramount, a sworn oath to the perpetuation of the American idea. Let Mr. Lippmann say it best, as he so often has, this time in his recent London speech: "As the free press develops, as the great society evolves, the paramount point is whether, like a scientist or a scholar, the journalist puts truth in the first place or in the second. If he puts it in the second place, he is a worshiper of the bitch goddess Success. Or he is a conceited man trying to win an argument. Insofar as he puts truth in the first place, he rises toward—I will not say into, but toward—the company of those who taste and enjoy the best things in life."

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Mass TV: Education for What?

R.L.T.'s EDITORIAL "TV and the Ultimate Public Service" [*SR*, June 12] contrasts TV with "what television could become—the greatest medium of adult (and adolescent) mass education in our life as a nation." TV has already become exactly that. It has instructed a whole generation in murder methods and other criminal actions; has stressed violence for entertainment to the point that rioting has become extracurricular activity among young people; is an unquestionable cause of the increase in juvenile crime and delinquency. Television has become the greatest medium of mass education in criminal action ever known. This "education" will continue until the public airways are truly operated in the public interest. No other regulatory agency allows such obvious performance against the public welfare as does the Federal Communications Commission—the agency that licenses all stations to operate "in the public interest," presumably *all* of the time they are on the air.

ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON.

Buffalo, N.Y.

I'VE READ WITH real gratification the result of the survey on U.S. television, as reported in recent issues of *SR*.

I have today written to NBC officials, complimenting them on a couple of documentary offerings of this week but denouncing network TV as a general proposition. I referred to my reading of the NANA reviews mentioned above. And in conclusion, I said that we were about to adopt a frame of mind favorable to the complete nationalization of television if improvements are not forthcoming in the very near future. We are serious about this. Frankly, we've about stopped looking at TV. We have our set on about three or four hours a week, barring something most unusual. Most of the perfidious trash isn't fit to give one's time to.

I wrote today to the co-sponsors of the Danny Kaye Show—the tuna people and the Rambler makers. They loused up the John Gary segment by linking him with Danny Kaye and a third person in about the corniest bit of TV trash we've seen or heard in a long time—a barbershop-trio sort of song, much off key and no doubt presumed to be funny. It was sad. They employ a fine singer like Gary to do his specialty—singing lovely ballads. Then they tie him into a comedy deal. Who are the halfwits allowing this sort of tragedy?

Keep up the good work.

THOMAS HUDSON MCKEE.

Dallas, Tex.

YOU HAVE LOST a supporter for your general idea about better TV. You did it with a statement that is either in stupid disregard of facts or one fine example of blind snobbery: "Can one imagine what wonders might be wrought if all the networks devoted . . ." If that is where you want to go I do not care to go with you at all. ETV should have demonstrated to you what is wrong with your position.

I am glad some people wrote in to correct (though you did qualify your stand) the NANA findings. If the Nielsen ratings are "scientifically sound," then don't you think you should go along with them? Personally, I prefer not to substitute wishful thinking for information if it is to lead to action.

A number of people, with obvious pride, brag about how they refuse to buy a product because of objectionable advertising. Shouldn't you suggest that a better approach is to buy the product of the better advertisers?

I have had some experience in radio, experience that led me to believe that a fair change in programing could be wrought if educated people would take the time to write some nice letters to preferred programs. A complimentary letter causes one to think it reflects a general attitude, and many nasty letters are dismissed as coming from cranks.

One last item: For those antidemocracy people who must carp about TV programs and want to remold them to their own taste, there are now some new sets on the market, like mine, that have a button marked "On-Off" that really works.

ALDERSON FRY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

I SERIOUSLY QUESTION that NANA deserves the undiluted praise you've poured on it recently. If it's the same "survey" NANA announced earlier in the spring, it is nothing more than a questionnaire in newspapers, which readers are asked to complete, clip, and mail. If this is true, the findings are of no value beyond reflecting what 5,200 people who completed a newspaper form, clipped it, and mailed it happen to feel. Experience also suggests that the angry and discontented are primarily inclined to do so.

The rating services, on the other hand, attempt to select their samples with care to reflect all ethnic, social, economic, and educational elements of society.

If this is that same newspaper straw ballot, it's not to be taken seriously by a high school student and certainly not by *SR*.

ERNIE KREILING.

La Canada, Calif.

EVEN WHILE YOU were writing your editorial "TV and the Ultimate Public Service," a complete and ideal solution appeared on the horizon: Newspaper reports and TV films clearly show that monkeys in cages enjoy most TV programs immensely. The broadcasters can earn the gratitude of millions of people, not to mention monkeys, by aiming 90 per cent of their programs at the zoos and leaving the news reports and documentaries for human viewing. I have

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complete confidence that Madison Avenue can produce commercials that will appeal to the zoo population and thereby earn a place in monkey heaven.

BENJAMIN FLAX.

Schenectady, N.Y.

BY AN ODD COINCIDENCE, I came across R.L.T.'s editorial [*SR*, April 10] on the same day I had started to make a list of nauseating TV commercials. The purpose of my list was nebulous. Perhaps I had an idea of relieving aggravation by pinpointing offenders on paper. Or maybe I actually would have sent the list, along with my opinion, to some network or advertising firm. "The Long, Hard Night of the TV Commercial" has relieved me of the responsibility, necessity, or urge, as the case may be, to put my grievances on paper. My sincere thanks to NANA and Richard L. Tobin.

HELEN J. BEWICK.

Fort Sill, Okla.

IN HER LETTER to the Communications editor of June 12, Harriet S. Armstrong agreed to adopt some advice of my colleague, Kim B. Rotzoll [*SR*, May 8], but in doing so chose a course which Mr. Rotzoll certainly did not intend.

Rotzoll said not to buy products whose commercials offend; Miss Armstrong interpreted this to include the obverse: *Do* buy products whose commercials please you. (She wrote: "I'm going to purchase one remedy for tummy aches because of their delightful commercials. . . .")

Good heavens! There's only one good reason for buying a product: because the product pleases you. Watch commercials for entertainment if you wish (a doubtful procedure, I feel), but reward the advertiser in kind: if you like his commercial, write a letter and tell him so. Don't confuse your goals, Miss Consumer. Rewarding manufacturers for their commercials by buying their products will only result in the development of companies more devoted to making commercials than to making tummy ache remedies.

IVAN L. PRESTON,
Assistant Professor of Advertising,
Penn State University.

University Park, Pa.

I WOULD LIKE TO add my thoughts on TV commercials after reading the letter from Harriet S. Armstrong as well as the two letters that follow it. When we had enjoyed the Oreo jingle accompanying the meanderings of a once-typical little boy for so long, why did they change it to a nasty little girl refusing to share her cookies with a little boy until he scared her with a horned toad in order to get a taste? The first one was so delightful, and the child threw the empty wrapper in a litter basket. Contrast this with the latest Underwood deviled ham commercial—a child feeding the ducks in the park—and the final shot is the wrapper floating on the surface of the lake.

How stupid do the Madison Avenue boys think we are? What difference does it make if we use a gentle dishwashing liquid when we must turn around and use a harsh cleanser for walls, floors, and doors?

With Purina's catch line—"All you add is love"—I should think the makers of Tareytons would long be out of business. I know of several friends who have written protests and stopped smoking that brand—just because of the word "fight." Then there is the Fritos commercial showing the little boy sharing his "Munch a Bunch" with the driver of the school bus. Quite different from the piggish little Henry who has such atrocious table manners.

JOYCE PETRIKAT.

Coconut Grove, Fla.

More Golden Praise

FOR SOME TIME NOW I have always looked forward to the monthly *SR* issue containing the communications section. It is an easy way of getting many viewpoints that aid in understanding this increasingly complex subject area. I was particularly pleased to see the coverage in the June 12 issue of the recent changes in the Du Pont public relations department. We're naturally rather prejudiced about the public relations expertise in the chemical industry, of which that at Du Pont is an outstanding example. It's also an opportunity to say that L. L. L. Golden's treatment of the entire field of public relations has always seemed particularly competent and objective to this observer.

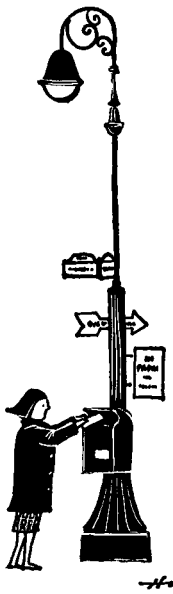
ALLAN E. SETTLE,
Director of Public Relations,
Manufacturing Chemists'
Association, Inc.

Washington, D.C.

Dissent on the L.A. *Times*

IN ASSESSING THE "new look" of the Los Angeles *Times* [*SR*, June 12], Peter Bart fails to mention a recent decision that will interest your readers. The *Times*'s publisher, Otis Chandler, has refused to print advertising for a current production of LeRoi Jones's plays, *The Dutchman* and *The Toilet*.

New York critics thought *The Dutchman* the outstanding new American play of the 1963-64 season. Your drama critic thinks that *The Toilet* is the "most indelible theater experience" of the current season [*SR*, June 12]. By contrast, Mr. Chandler thinks that these plays "are not in the public interest," and that their advertisement would, accordingly, violate the *Times*'s advertising code for "products or services." Presumably, Mr. Chandler finds, or has been told, that these plays are exercises in inflammatory pornography. (One must guess, for he did not give reasons.) Were this true, these plays would of course be no different from many of the "products or services" that Mr. Chandler does allow to be advertised, and he would at worst be guilty of inconsistency. But, in the opinion of many of us who saw the Los Angeles productions, the plays are dramatically brilliant and enlightening examinations of the moral complexities of Negro-white relations. As such, they are very much in the public interest—especially that of a public led in part by men not known for their sympathetic understanding of race relations.



There is more, however, than the suggestion of critical and moral obtuseness here. Mr. Chandler is playing cultural censor. To his credit, he did publish both a rave notice by his own drama critic and a news report of a public protest of his refusal. Moreover, assiduous readers of the massive Sunday edition can find a notice of the two plays among the fifty other theater listings.

But none of these gestures disguises or diminishes the contempt shown for the arts by treating them as "products or services" falling under "an advertising code." Such an attitude on the part of a publisher with a virtual newspaper monopoly seriously threatens Los Angeles's cultural ambitions. The only comfort for those of us expatriates who still wish our native city well is that Mrs. Norman Chandler, the city's forceful cultural benefactress, can hardly have applauded her son's provincial behavior.

WILLIAM RUDDICK,
Department of Philosophy,
Dartmouth College.

Hanover, N.H.

Of Human Reflection

AS AN *SR* SUBSCRIBER who is also a typographical union member, I want to offer at least one observation on John Tebbel's "The Electronic Composing Room: How Near Is It?" [*SR*, June 12]. Tebbel says a machine can't "sit on the rim of a copy desk and shorten a story under pressure of deadline, or improve it, or write a headline over it. *Reflection still remains a human attribute*" [italics mine]. How true! I wish I had a nickel-squeezing publisher's nickel for every time, while typesetting, I doctored the mangled spelling and grammar typed up by his reporters (generally, sports reporters) or called apparent errors of fact to the attention of his editors. One brief and memorable example: On November 24, 1963, I was given, to set into type for the front page of a famous newspaper, copy stating that the authorities had traced the assassination weapon to "Connally"—rather than Oswald. Naturally, I called the error to an editor's attention, and it was hurriedly and most gratefully corrected. How would a computerized newspaper have explained such a blunder to its readership—or to the Governor of Texas? Somehow it seems strange that newspapers, with their legendary passion for accuracy, should be so intent upon banishing "human reflection" from their plants.

EDGAR BALLARD.

Chicago, Ill.

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HISTORIC COURT DECISION

A Crack in Canon 35

By HERBERT BRUCKER

FOR THREE DECADES—ever since the hippodromed trial in 1935 of Bruno Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby—news cameras in the courtroom have been the subject of contention between journalism and law. More recently, the demand of television to cover trials has sharpened the debate. Both lawyers and journalists are convinced they are right. For both rest their case on a fundamental freedom: the right of an accused person to a fair trial; and the right of the public to know what is being done in its name.

Until now the Supreme Court has not had occasion to rule on the issue. But over the years such occasional lightning bolts as have come down from this Jovian summit of our legal establishment have indicated an almost neurotic fear of what these newer instruments of journalism might do to a fair trial. The judges naturally lean over backward to avoid damage to a judicial procedure, painfully built up over the centuries, whose end is justice. Therefore it was no surprise when, on the last day of its recent term, the Supreme Court reversed a conviction of Billie Sol Estes in a Texas court on a charge of swindling, on the ground that his trial had not been fair because it had been televised.

What was surprising was that this decision was not unanimous but only five to four, with several varied concurring and dissenting opinions. And what was still more surprising was that the opinions as a whole showed an actual majority—again five to four—holding that in the future, under some circumstances, it might be possible to televise a trial without harm. As Justice Brennan, one of the dissenters, noted: ". . . Only four of the five justices voting to reverse rest on the proposition that televised criminal trials are constitutionally infirm, whatever the circumstances. . . . Thus today's decision is *not* a blanket constitutional prohibition against the televising of state trials."

The headline fact remains: the Supreme Court has ruled against TV. Nevertheless, the qualifications to which Justice Brennan pointed are a tremendous victory for those of us who believe that, under controlled conditions, news cameras and even TV should cover the courts as they cover all else. For this means that a five-to-four Supreme Court majority does not accept Canon 35 of the American Bar Association's code of judicial ethics.

Canon 35, widely observed in all but two of the fifty states, is a blanket prohibition of cameras and broadcasting in court. It says that photography and broadcasting in court "detract from the essential dignity of the proceedings, distract participants and witnesses in giving testimony, and create misconceptions with respect thereto in the mind of the public and should not be permitted."

Hitherto Canon 35, though adopted only in 1937, has been revered by many a judge and lawyer as though it had come down from Sinai with the rest of the Commandments. No attack from the outside could dent it. Now the Supreme Court itself has made the first crack in it.

It is noteworthy that even Justice Clark, who wrote the majority opinion against television, let some of the air out of Canon 35's tires. This blanket prohibition, he wrote, "has of itself no binding effect on the courts but merely expresses the view of the [American Bar] Association in opposition to broadcasting, televising, and photographing of court proceedings."

The man who was responsible for the shifting majorities—against TV in the Estes trial, but not necessarily for all time in all circumstances—was Justice Harlan. He concurred in reversing conviction because of television. Thus his vote carried the day. But unlike the other four who voted this way, who would have no part of TV in court under any circumstances, he voted to reverse because this was "a heavily publicized and highly sensational affair," upon which, in his view, TV would be likely to have impact. But he would leave to the future the possibility that "the day may come when television will have become so commonplace an affair . . . as to dissipate all likelihood that its use in courtrooms may disparage the judicial process." Furthermore, simply prohibiting it might prevent the states from future experimentation with televised trials under various conditions.

The fear of bar and bench that television might prejudice trials is not without justification. Before the Estes trial there had been a two-day pre-trial hearing. At that hearing TV crews and news cameramen obtruded themselves onto the scene, behaving as though their chief aim were to prove that cameras and microphones should indeed be barred from court. And this spectacle, thirty days in advance of the trial itself, not surprisingly set the Supreme Court's teeth on edge.

Nevertheless, as the dissenting judges pointed out, the case before the Supreme Court was not the pre-trial hearing but the trial itself. And while this, too, was televised, by that time the paraphernalia of broadcasting were kept largely out of sight in a special booth, and under control.

Even with these changes the Supreme Court majority took the attitude that has all along seemed natural to those who oppose bringing the modern methods of reporting into court. In this view there is no need to show that there has actually been prejudice in a trial. Indeed, in the Estes case Justice Clark pointed out for the majority that the Court itself had found on previous occasions that proof of actual prejudice was not necessary. The point is, said Justice Clark, that "a dedendant on trial for a specific crime is entitled to his day in court, not in a stadium." Or, as Chief Justice Warren wrote in an even stronger concurring opinion in which Justice Douglas and Goldberg joined, we must not "let the theater into the courtroom."

This is, of course, demolishing a straw man. Whatever loutish manners cameramen and technicians may display in catching the action as it happens outside of court, and in court when they are not checked, no responsible citizen, even among the advocates of broadcasting and photographing trials, wants to turn the judicial process into anything resembling a theater, still less a Castro-like trial in a stadium. These advocates of modern journalism are as one with Justice Clark when he says that a free press "must necessarily be subject to the maintenance of absolute fairness in the judicial process."

THE trouble is, that is not the issue. No one disputes it. What is at issue is whether pictorial and electronic journalism must necessarily, at all times and under all conditions, prevent fair trial. And those who believe that it need not are restive because the prohibition of news photographs and television is based on subjective antipathy rather than fact.

Thus, on the model of all the arguments over all the years, the majority opinions in the Estes case are filled with references to what *would* happen, or *might* happen, *if* a juror or a witness were exposed to television. Or else there are just ex-cathedra pronouncements, like this unsupported assertion from Justice Clark: The presence of courtroom television "is a form of mental—if not physical—harassment, resembling a police line-up or the third degree." No evidence. No need to prove it. It just is, that's all.

Similar assertions by the Chief Justice hold, for example, that the televising of

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trials "diverts the trial from its proper purpose" and "gives the public the wrong impression of the purpose of trials" and lessens their reliability. Another of a whole series of examples was Justice Clark's quoting Justice Douglas to the effect that television puts "insidious influences" to work in the administration of justice. Again this is put forth as an axiom, to be accepted without proof.

The dissenters do not believe that such assumptions are automatically valid in all trials under all conditions. Justice Stewart, writing for himself and the three other dissenters in the Estes case, agreed that as yet it was unwise to introduce television into a courtroom. But, he said, "I am unable to escalate this personal view into a *per se* constitutional rule." Had the excesses of the Estes pretrial hearing been duplicated in the trial itself, he wrote, a fair trial in the constitutional sense would have been impossible. There are also other risks. But he went on to say: "The plain fact of the matter . . . is that none of these things happened or could have happened in this case. . . . There is nothing to show that the trial proceeded in any way other than it would have proceeded if cameras and television had not been present."

This basic fact is what the whole issue should turn on. And it is pertinent that none of the five-man majority took issue with Justice Stewart on it.

It is also pertinent that Justice Stewart was uneasy at the overtones in the majority opinions that seemed to justify some censorship of the reporting of public events. As he put it: "While no First Amendment claim is made in this case, there are intimations in the opinions filed by my brethren in the majority which strike me as disturbingly alien to the First and Fourteenth Amendments' guarantees against federal or state interference with the free communication of information and ideas."

Some years of familiarity with the battle over Canon 35 have aroused in me the suspicion that the real culprits are not the news photographers and broadcasters, but the judges in our trial courts. It is, of course, a common experience that news photographers intrude themselves upon public events, popping flash bulbs with great abandon. Even more offensive are the manners of the television men, who wander about with cameras whirring, and train piercing lights into the eyes of the principals. It is as though the event they were recording was not taking place for its own sake, but was a show put on for the benefit of the cameras.

The fact has long since been demonstrated, however, that all this need not be. With modern equipment it is possible not only for news photographs but even television to record an event in normally bright light without anyone present even realizing that it is being done. The bright lights and bad manners are simply a giving in to the easiest and surest way of getting the job done. To get rid of them, moreover, often requires modest advance technical arrangements with which most laymen are unfamiliar.

All that is necessary in court, however, is for the judge to keep the newsmen under control, just as he now keeps all else under control. It can be done. TV has shown the Pope in the most sacred moments in St. Peter's, the tragic Kennedy funeral, and Sir Winston's journey to the grave. It has done this without the slightest intrusion into the events themselves.

IT has done the same thing in court. Colorado admitted photography and television almost a decade ago, under certain rules and restrictions. After considerable experience Justice O. Otto Moore of the state Supreme Court had this to say: "Not one judge, not one witness, not one juror, not one district attorney, not one lawyer, appearing in any of these cases has suggested that this visual reporting of the courtroom proceedings has in any degree whatever interfered with the search for the truth, or the ability of judge, juror, witness, or attorney to function properly."

The answer, alas, is that some judges are hams. Even more of them are compelled by their state laws to run for office like so many Congressmen, instead of being appointed by the governor, with confirmation by the legislature, as is done in some states. This puts pressure on the judge to run for office even while he is presiding at trials. But if this is the heart of the trouble, why not cure the imperfections in our state judicial systems, to get better and more independent judges? Why take it out on journalism, whose reporting of events to the citizen makes a self-governing society possible?

Judge J. Skelly Wright, of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, has suggested that a way out might be to forget for the time being about criminal trials, and to begin by televising the Supreme Court itself. Here, in this highest court whose task it is to review what lower courts have done, there would be no question of interfering with a trial. The arguments before the Court, or the reading of decisions that are often milestones in American history, might deepen public understanding of great national questions and of the judicial function.

Unfortunately, even before Judge Wright made this suggestion last December in the *American Bar Association Journal,* Chief Justice Warren had turned down a similar request from Frank Stanton, president of CBS. So it is that I dream of going some day into the Supreme Court with my 35 mm. camera in my pocket. It should be easy to take some photographs of the court in session without any of my neighbors being the wiser, let alone the justices. If, thereafter, these pictures were published, and I should be cited for contempt for violating the Court's rules, I would plead the First Amendment with its guarantee of a press free to print what it chooses. Because there had been no interference with the court's business, no awareness even that pictures were being taken, there could be but one reason for a contempt citation: to punish publication. And that would be a clear violation of the First Amendment.

The decisions of the Supreme Court in the Estes case reveal enough doubts about the absolute prohibitions of past and present to make me think I might get away with it.

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Photo Forecast, 1975

By MARGARET R. WEISS

"TODAY'S NEWSPAPER today—on the moon . . . an entire daily paper reproduced with absolute fidelity from a single 8x10-inch film," promises one company's department of fiber optics. And another prophetic electronics pioneer projects this living-color vision of the future: "Key newspapers will appear in simultaneous editions around the world . . . and a billion people may be watching the same [satellite TV] program, with automatic language translation for instant comprehension."

Undoubtedly closer to earth but still with an eye on that technological promised land, the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association and the Pennsylvania Society of Newspaper Editors devoted their joint press conference's two-day agenda to the changes and challenges facing communications in the next decade. Prominent among the crystal-ball conferees at Penn State's School of Journalism was photographer Joseph Costa, who predicted things to come in news photography from the vantage point of his more than forty years of visual reporting for publication, science, and industry.

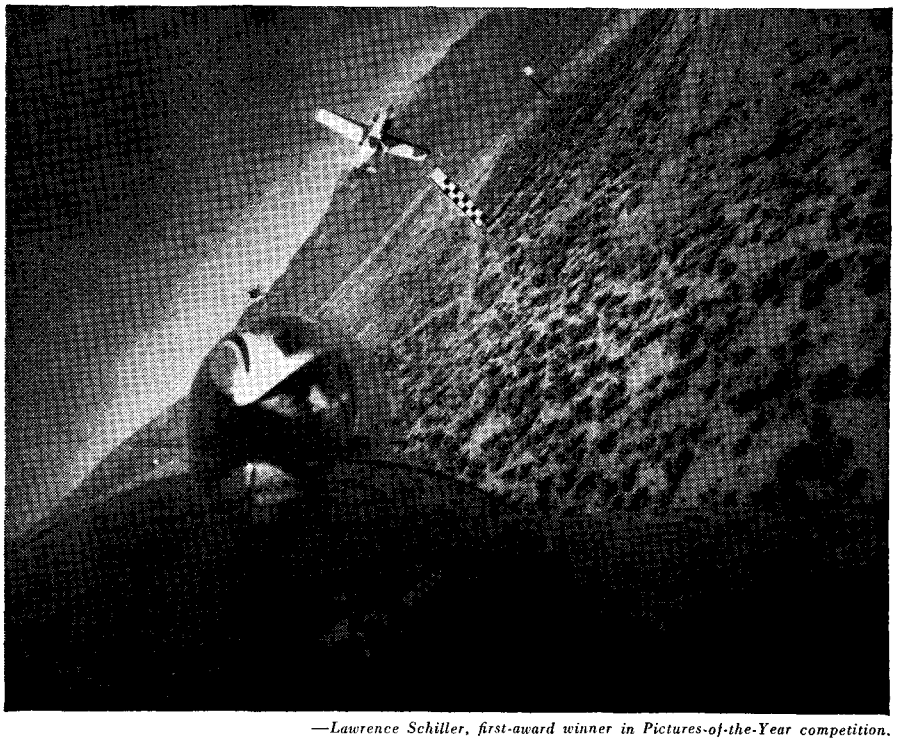
In an informal discussion after his prepared word-and-picture presentation, Costa capsuled the results of a questionnaire he had sent out to "a group of noted practitioners, men who should know best." Their answers, coupled with his own, called the shots for this over-all forecast: "Because the camera's vital role in the space program will probably bring equipment and techniques their full measure of budget expenditure for research and development, by 1975 we may see greater advances than have been made in the entire history of photography to date."

Precisely what form these advances take and how they will specifically be applied to photojournalism may be anyone's guess. But here, from what Joseph Costa calls his "Private Opinion Center instant poll," are some of the directions in which progress will be made, much of it already visible in the picture-writing on the wall.

1. Broader horizons for picture coverage, since remote-control technology can give the camera access to places where the cameraman cannot be. With compact motorized equipment, either radio- or wire-controlled, it is possible to have a camera mounted on the tip of a ski or a wing of a glider, in the helmet of a skydiver or speedway racer, at a strategic spot in a closed conference room. (Pictures of the Pope's visit inside a small, tomblike Holy Land shrine were made this way.) Remotely controlled cameras with perfected zoom lenses that eliminate the need for changing from wide-angle to telephoto could cover entire arenas, conventions, United Nations sessions.

—*Fairchild.*

Automatic photo transmission by fiber optics—Film is processed in the air, a video signal sent to the ground, and an image reconstructed within four minutes.



—*Lawrence Schiller, first-award winner in Pictures-of-the-Year competition.*

Remote control—Camera rides high to capture a pylon turn.

2. Faster availability of pictures, effected through increased automation in the laboratory. Though present automated laboratory equipment is still monstrously large and expensive, newly designed models coming on the market displace only a modest 30x17x15 inches of space. Instead of ten or more darkrooms, only one will be needed; automatic processors will function on exposed roll film at a rate of twenty feet per minute, and on sheet film in five minutes or less. (It is not too visionary to expect unattended coin-operated machines to process and print film "while-U-wait.")

3. More uniform negatives and better-quality prints, resulting from standardized processing and printing techniques. Negative editing will probably be accomplished right at the picture editor's desk by means of a closed-circuit TV system, with a built-in notching device used

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to punch selected negatives or frames. In the future, negatives will be exposed, dodged, and even cropped automatically on continuous rolls of paper that will be processed as stabilized prints, semi-dry or completely dry in no more than ten to fifteen seconds.

4. Intensified research on photographic materials and methods. The silver shortage will doubtless be a spur to further experimentation in thermoplastic recording of photographic images, and adaptation of present electronic tape-recording techniques to a small hand-camera system.

5. Changes in picture usage (reflecting better-trained photo editors as well as higher production costs)—specifically greater emphasis on more meaningful pictures; gradual decline in the purely frivolous shot; demise of static pictures of the "season's opener" or "handshake" variety; more attractive presentation in layout and use of white space, approximating the magazine type of makeup (already symptomatic is some newspapers' shift from eight- to six-column format).

6. Improved reproduction of news photos—and the greatest hope for such improvement lies in the changeover to offset printing.

7. Increased use of color—for even though ROP has been widely criticized, it does offer newspapers added "prestige" and revenue. The boons of color-negative film and offset printing should find the press photographer shooting in color as routinely as in today's black-and-white.

All foreseen changes considered, however, news photography's future image is not just a matter of equipment, machinery, and materials. It depends on the men who use them—on the photographers, picture editors, art directors, makeup men, whose ingenuity and imagination determine the end-product's ultimate effectiveness.

"Perhaps the most significant development by 1975," Costa concludes, "will be the increasing number of camera reporters with broader educational backgrounds in the liberal arts and humanities. There will doubtless be more writers becoming picture-competent, and more photographers with trained writing skills. Awareness of the complementary role of lens and language should help produce *dimensional* photojournalism, the kind of visual reporting that communicates and interprets rather than merely records. . . . Certainly, picture-taking-in-depth is as tenable a concept as writing-in-depth."

If the forecast for 1975 is accurate, one fact comes into sharp focus: With automation and technology serving his craft, the press cameraman should have his sights set on his art—the art of being a newspaperman.

—Chick Harrity, Reading Times.

Photo by motorized camera—one of a series made with camera mounted at base of cross bar structure, with fifty-foot cord attached to battery pack for firing camera.

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Keeping Up with Knowledge

By JOHN TEBBEL

WHILE MAN continues to search the universe for answers to the things he doesn't know, a major occupation has grown up on his own planet in trying to keep track of what he *does* know. The new technology is already grappling with the formidable problem of information storage and retrieval. Meanwhile that old-fashioned, non-electronic gadget, the encyclopedia, is doing its best to keep pace with what can only be described as the knowledge explosion in this century.

It is not a new endeavor. Pliny the Elder probably compiled the first encyclopedia with his *Natural History*, in thirty-seven volumes, and the modern encyclopedia, with bibliographies and alphabetical arrangement, was born in 1704 with John Harris's *Lexicon Technicum*. The familiar *Encyclopedia Britannica*, oldest such reference work of continuous publication, began in Edinburgh in 1771. But the editors of these early works, and all their successors until recently, never had the problem of today's compilers, who know that man's accumulated knowledge is doubling every ten years. To take a single small example, thirty-seven nations in Africa have recently become independent and have new governments, necessitating that many new entries. In the sciences, lasers, masers, DNA, RNA, and the new mathematics are examples of multiplying knowledge in an area expanding almost too rapidly to follow.

Encyclopedias began as one-man enterprises, then became the product of a single editor with a large staff. Now they require an editor-in-chief and a variety of other editors, both general and specialized, as well as all the departments that a large book-publishing firm would demand.

As constituents of the print media, encyclopedias comprise a large portion of that publishing iceberg that the public never realizes is there below the visible surface of current fiction and trade nonfiction. They are also one of the most lucrative kinds of publishing. Besides innumerable specialized encyclopedias—nearly every variety of endeavor has one—there are no fewer than thirty-three major sets on the market, ranging in price from $25 to $400, and in size from the Britannica's 36,500,000 words down to the thirteen selling for less than $25, which may have only 1,000,000 words each, or slightly fewer, between their covers. Two of these sell for $1.95 apiece.

A powerful propulsion behind this market is the desire of parents to give their children the best possible education. Writing in *Forbes Magazine* recently, Bailey K. Howard, chairman of Field Enterprises Educational Corporation, said that the market for his encyclopedia products was "unlimited." Grolier, another of the largest entrepreneurs in the field, estimates that encyclopedia publishers have tapped no more than 20 per cent of the potential market.

Chairman Howard's enthusiasm is understandable, since his company blankets the field with its *World Book Encyclopedia*, *Childcraft*, the *How and Why Library*, and related educational materials. Sales of these books were estimated last year at $125,000,000.

To operate an encyclopedia today, keeping it up to date and in competition with its rivals, is a job rivaling advertising as a producer of ulcers. Editorial departments are organized, in general, like those of a newspaper, and in fact many of the recruits come from that field. Others have been teachers, or editors in other publishing houses. Most staffs have an editor-in-chief, an editor, a managing editor, and a roster of staff writers (or editors, as they are called on many encyclopedias) who are comparable to a newspaper's reporters. Like newsmen, they may be generalists, specialists, or both. By the nature of his work, an encyclopedia writer working on a page or a series of pages is certain to encounter subject matter that ranges over a wide area. An encyclopedia also has, usually, several boards of consultants to keep it informed in the special fields of the humanities and the sciences and, in the case of those designed for children, to provide information on changing trends in school curricula.

An editor-in-chief has to ride herd on his contributors, who can be as temperamental as a young first novelist; procure photographs from around the world; deal with annoyed readers (the world is full of specialists, he discovers); and supervise both his staff and his printing operation.

To take a single example, Donald E. Lawson, who will become editor-in-chief of *Compton's* on August 1 after four years as managing editor and a year as editor, must supervise the work of 550 contributors to his fifteen-volume set, which contains 44,000 articles, 7,700,000 words, and 20,160 illustrations, 8,000 of them in color. Lawson, who has been with *Compton's* since 1946, got into encyclopedia work by way of newspapers, but he is also a novelist, a short-story writer, and the author of children's books.

Contributors to encyclopedias are scholars for the most part, and often distinguished figures in their fields. Distinction, however, does not guarantee their writing ability. One expert recently turned in a manuscript with this sentence: "What help is it to the girl who, ten years ago, could not have gone to work for the bank, that the girl who previously held the now non-existent job, was not fired outright, but was transferred?" Not an easy question to answer—or to rewrite. Editors and writers spend hours turning such turgid prose into clear, simple encyclopedese.

No matter how much care is taken, mistakes occur in handling so many hundreds of thousands of facts, and, as all editors know, what is one man's fact may be another man's anathema. A California reader complained to an editor the other day that his encyclopedia treated evolution as a fact. The editor replied that it was the opinion of scientists that evolution was a fact, and it was so reported.

Less easy to explain was the error in an encyclopedia that in one article declared that Alaska was the largest state, and in another that Texas was. The howls arising from Texas still ring in the editor's ears, facts notwithstanding.

Pictures produce as many problems as prose. An artist once turned out a transparency to accompany an article on human anatomy but omitted the appendix. A reverse appendectomy restored the organ after the first printing, but at considerable cost.

Like newspapers in the golden days of journalism, encyclopedias try to "scoop" other publications, to employ an obsolete word. *Compton's*, for example, boasts that it got a beat on the history textbooks this year by being one of the first publications to confirm the fact that Leif Ericsson landed in America about 1000 A.D., nearly 500 years before Columbus, and that the exact site of his colony was on the northern tip of Newfoundland, ten miles west of Cape Baulde near the

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fishing village of L'Anse aux Meadows. This discovery alone necessitated revisions in six separate articles, as well as a new biography of Ericsson.

Sex is always a problem for general encyclopedias, and especially so in those designed for children. Bikini-clad girls romping in the surf at Cannes may illustrate an article about France delightfully, but most often an artist is called in to put suits on them. Makers of young people's encyclopedias, conscious of the family trade, usually eliminate sex organs from the transparent overlays that accompany the articles on human anatomy. Marketing is not the only consideration in this kind of censorship. If these details are included, the pages containing them are soon torn out of sets in school libraries.

A New York company that publishes an atlas of human anatomy got a letter the other day from a woman in South Plainfield, New Jersey, who explained that she had been using the atlas to teach her children the difference between male and female anatomy until she discovered that the illustration for the male lacked its most essential part. "My poor children and I are quite perplexed," she wrote. "There are several possible explanations for the omission: You may have run short of paper. The book may have been designed for novitiates in a convent. You might have a bashful editor. You might be right and I might be wrong."

Technically, encyclopedia manufacturers may be the most advanced branch of the publishing industry, at least in some respects. To reproduce pictures, magazines use a photoengraving screen containing 85 to 100 lines to the inch. Most books printed on good paper use a 100- to 110-line screen. A first-class encyclopedia uses a 133-line screen, and its pictures are the product of long research. Similarly, when fine book paper is viewed under a microscope, hills and valleys invisible to the naked eye are evident, but the good encyclopedia uses a surface additive that fills in the bumps and makes an extra-smooth surface for printing.

What really distinguishes encyclopedia-making of today from yesterday's products, however, is the continuous revision process. Early works in the field were revised periodically, if at all, and once published they remained unchanged until an edition was sold out. Often they were reprinted over and over until the original plates wore out.

In a modern encyclopedia, however, every page form at the printer is theoretically open for changes every year. It would be impossible to change every page, and unnecessary in any case, but the yearly changes that are made run into thousands of words and dollars.

A revision program may be divided into three parts. First, there is the revision designed to keep the set current. Folders are maintained for every article. Into them go clippings, scientific journals, reports, material supplied by consultants, and other research. All this is used for a rewrite of the article when the editors believe one is needed.

The second aspect of revision is a long-range program, and this accounts for the bulk of continuous revision. Here the editors incorporate the ideas given to them by their research departments—in children's encyclopedias, the reports of its curriculum research department and advisory boards on curriculum correlation, family living and libraries, as well as suggestions from consultants.

The third phase involves changes in format and illustration. Editors must constantly develop new pictures, charts, graphs. The criterion is that they must truly supplement the text and not be mere decoration. Makers of encyclopedias for young people have to be particularly careful that illustrations appear on the same page, or at least close to, the subject matter they illustrate. Picture procurement is always a major job for an encyclopedia. Editors examine as many as 60,000 photographs to get 20,000.

Most reputable encyclopedias employ such a continuous revision program, rather than the periodic kind that means revision at intervals of eight to ten years, with minor changes during intervening printings.

Thus the life of the encyclopedia maker. He marks the shifting of empires, the changing status of nations, the reorganization of governments, the rapid advances in every field of science. Surveying the perils and problems of keeping track of the knowledge explosion, one can appreciate the answer an editor made recently to a question about his work. "Oh, there's nothing to it, really," he said. "I just sit at my typewriter until drops of blood form on my forehead."

State of *The Nation*: This week marks an anniversary that is a publishing anomaly of the times. In a decade when fat magazines with circulations of several million have disappeared, *The Nation*, with a circulation of only 30,000, celebrates this week the beginning of its second century. Not only that. The plush magazines that are no longer with us all had carefully nurtured public images, while *The Nation*'s most persistent image is that of a journal that seems at times almost to go out of its way in search of unpopularity.

The weekly was conceived by E. L. Godkin, then of the *New York Times*, who became its first editor; Charles Eliot Norton; and Frederick Law Olmsted, who also created Central Park. Some years later Godkin wrote: "Our criticisms . . . may be ill-founded or ill-judged, but are always honest." A look at the record shows how well the promise was kept.

Although it was early associated with the cause of the Negro and today is a strong supporter of civil rights, in 1896 it advocated the poll tax and literacy tests in Mississippi. It supported Grant for President, pleaded for a sober look at the facts when the *Maine* was blown up, opposed protective tariffs *and* the income tax, campaigned vigorously for government supervision of railroads, and, from the late Seventies through the early years of this century, condoned the use of force against strikers. (In the 1880s it spoke of the "anarchist disease" and asserted that at the "center and core of every strike" were well-heeled people who every week read "three or four Socialist newspapers.")

From the beginning *The Nation* was a beacon in the literary world, some of its early writers and editors being Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Francis Parkman, Lord Bryce, both the Jameses, William Dean Howells, Charles Francis Adams, and Carl Schurz. Its literary criticisms were frequently unsparing (Mark Twain once referred to it as "the weekly Day of Judgment"). Henry James accused Whitman, in its columns, of egotism, mindlessness, and vulgarity. But another reviewer found James's work to have "an enveloping atmosphere of voluptuousness." On the other hand, *The Nation*'s critics almost invariably praised Tennyson.

It was after Oswald Garrison Villard, a founder of the NAACP, was named editor in 1918 that *The Nation* became more consistently the magazine of crusading liberalism that it is today. It is fondly remembered for its courageous stand against McCarthy. More recently, it has been known for its two series of exposé articles on the FBI, and one on the CIA.

The Nation plans to follow up its centennial with the publication this fall of a special 400-page issue. At that time it will no doubt recall the well-earned praise of Franklin D. Roosevelt on its seventy-fifth anniversary: "No one would ever accuse *The Nation* of seeking to become a popular organ. It has, through its long history, often appeared to stand alone."

—Helen Nelson.

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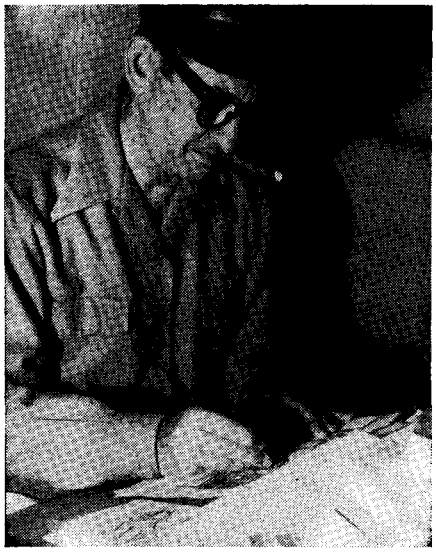
The Muddled, Mirthful World of Burr Shafer



Burr Shafer at work—"a pungently eccentric view of the world."

TWENTY-SIX years ago this month, observant *Saturday Review* readers spotted an unfamiliar by-line tucked into the corner of a cartoon. They might eventually forget the name —Burr Shafer—but they were far less likely to forget the look of unquiet desperation on the speaker's face (below, left) as he listened to his wife, helpful as only an expert and loving bungler can be, telling him, "Did you know that a lot of your first editions didn't even have their leaves cut? I've been busy as a bee all day." It was, in its way, a universal comment on man's ineptitude with man, and over the succeeding twenty-six years it was to be repeated in variations so endless that their playful inventiveness astounded not only *SR*'s editors and readers but even Shafer's fellow cartoonists.

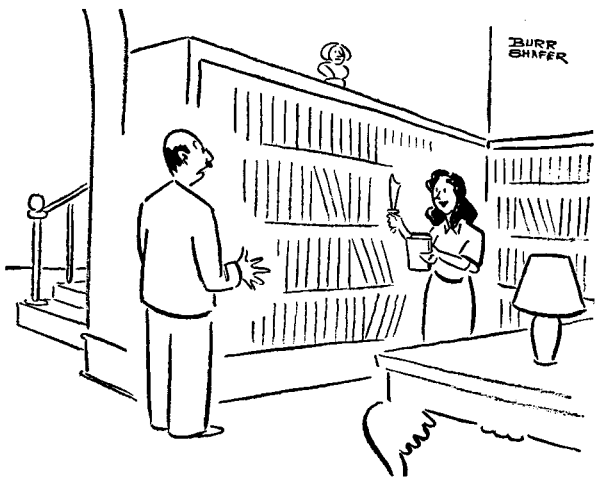
As cartoon followed cartoon, Shafer's style evolved, his touch becoming surer and his wry commentaries more sharply honed, until finally, on February 24, 1945, a new cartoon character sprang to life (below, right). He was one J. Wesley Smith, the greatest, most endearing bungler of them all, and for the next two decades he had a secure home in *SR*'s pages. Here Smith, an Everyman with an unshakable talent for doing and saying the wrong thing, roamed through history—asking Betsy Ross, "Aren't you afraid, Mrs. Ross, that thirteen stars will prove unlucky?" or saying into a telephone, in front of a calendar reading October 1929, "I'm going to Europe for six months. Don't sell any of my stock until I get back," or commenting to a man seated at a piano, "Wasn't that waltz kind of short, Mr. Chopin? Only sixty seconds." Perhaps much of the instant charm of these cartoons lay in their historical irreverence. They were a way of laughing not only at ourselves but at the long-faced pomposities of scholarship.

From the beginning, Shafer's cartoons took a pungently eccentric view of the world, and countless readers came to delight in that view. An *SR* editor, speculating the other day on the reason for Shafer's enduring appeal, offered a simple hypothesis: "Shafer's work has a double cutting edge. At first glance the reader is able to feel smug and superior. He says to himself, 'Boy, *I* could never be that stupid.' And then comes the still, small voice: 'Or could I?'"

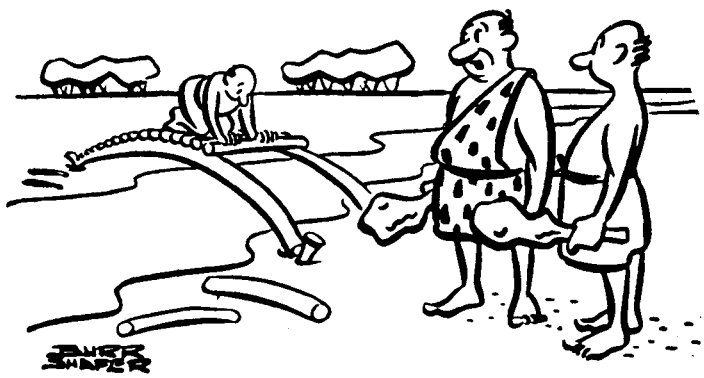
Shafer, an amiable, cigar-chomping man, was an unlikely candidate for success as a cartoonist. He never went to art school. His business, officially at any rate, was selling pianos. And his cartoons often required at least a smattering of historical knowledge if the reader was to get the point ("If you'd take those rocks out of your mouth, Demosthenes, maybe I could understand what you're talking about"). But success he eventually had, and among his devotees there was no doubt that it was very much deserved. Four books of his cartoons were published by Vanguard—*Through History with J. Wesley Smith* in 1950, *Louder and Funnier* in 1951, *Through More History with J. Wesley Smith* in 1953, and *The Wonderful World of J. Wesley Smith* in 1960. And once President Truman wrote him a letter saying, "I'm very proud of the fact that I'm smart enough to get the point."

Shafer was sixty-five when, on June 15, he died in a hospital not far from his home in Santa Ana, California. *SR*'s editors still can't quite believe that there will never again be one of Shafer's brown envelopes in the mail, bringing J. Wesley Smith's latest adventures in wondrous ineptitude. —JAMES F. FIXX.

How it all began—At left is Burr Shafer's first *SR* cartoon, published in the issue of July 29, 1939; below, his first J. Wesley Smith cartoon, which appeared February 24, 1945, and was the beginning of a twenty-year series.



"Did you know that a lot of your first editions didn't even have the leaves cut? I've been busy as a bee all day."



"It's utterly fantastic! Who ever heard of crossing a stream without getting your feet wet?"

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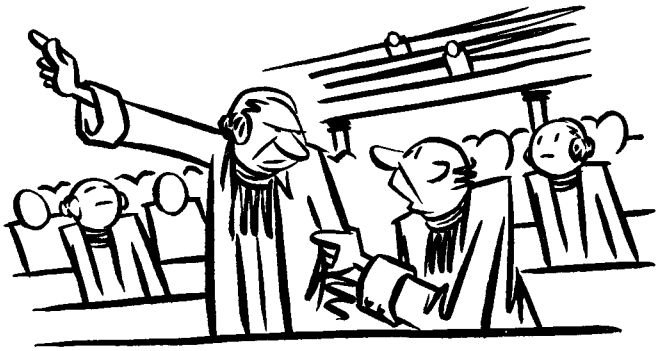
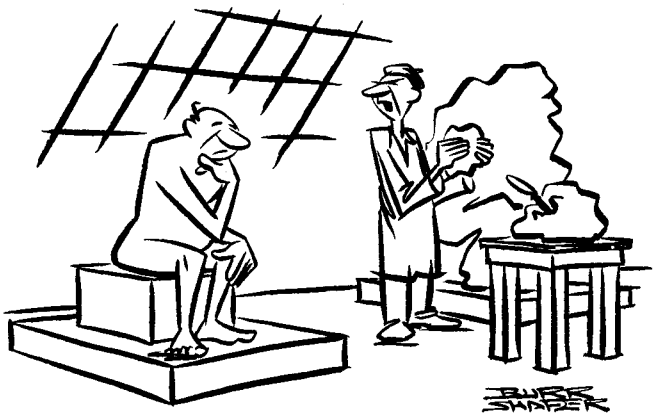
Through History with J. Wesley Smith

The antic artistry of Burr Shafer, as it appeared over the years in these pages



"About this 'Liberty or Death' business, Mr. Henry. Isn't there some reasonable position in between?"

"You mean you'd make me PAY to sleep here? Why, a fellow named Procrustes just offered to put me up free!"



"That's all for today, stupid."

"There will be a victory party for Goliath immediately after the battle."

"I don't know anything about Alaska, Mr. Seward, but the fact that the Russians are willing to part with it looks mighty suspicious."

"You'll have to get rid of this junk, Professor Volta. I just touched something and got a terrible shock."

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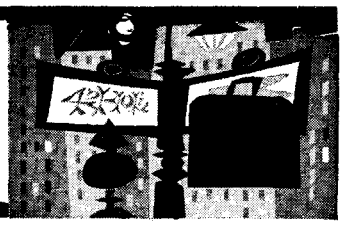
Madison Avenue



How's That Again?

WALTER WEIR, president of West, Weir & Bastel, Inc., and chairman of the council of judges for the American TV Commercials Festival, said in his charge to fellow judges: "May I warn you, as one who has participated in the judging of other award-making activities, that no matter how carefully you judge, you will quite possibly be criticized for putting esthetic values before practical values. You will have cited to you commercials you found abominable which nevertheless sold an immense amount of merchandise. Do not be disturbed. There are few things so practical, in terms of dollars and cents, as esthetic values."

And Rosser Reeves, chairman of Ted Bates & Co., on being named to the Hall of Fame of the Advertising Writers Association of New York, remarked: "In *Reality in Advertising* I told the story of an advertising magazine that asked the creative people of twenty-five top agencies to pick the three worst advertising campaigns of the past several years. These men and women picked—as the worst—two of the most dramatically successful campaigns of the past decade."

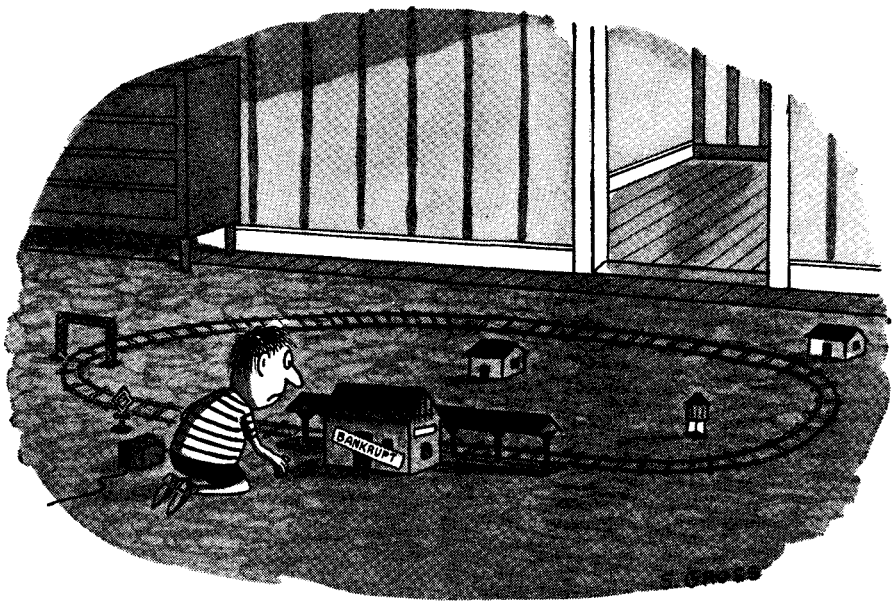
To an observer of the advertising scene, the opposing viewpoints of eminently successful advertising men on any given subject affecting the business are a source of constant bewilderment. Witness, for example, the following:

David C. Stewart, president of Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.: "If there is any merit whatsoever in arguing about how agencies should be oriented, then it ought to be done honestly. Should advertising agencies be marketing-oriented, or should they be advertising-oriented? (Notice that I use the word 'advertising' and not that tired, stale, misbegotten word 'creative' in talking about agency work.) In my opinion [agencies should expand and refine] their advertising rather than marketing functions."

I refuse to be mean and point out that the title of a speech a few months ago by William B. Lewis, chairman of K&E, was entitled "Management and Creativity."

Perhaps one of the fiercest public and sub-rosa debates in recent years has been on the subject of the fee versus the "traditional" commission system of paying advertising agencies. Some agency people see it as something of a ruse by clients to get the same amount of work for less money; others say they don't know of any client who doesn't want to see them make a profit; some see the fee as more dignified and professional; those opposed say commissions are an honorable form of payment used in many businesses and, moreover, it has worked for fifty or more years.

There was a time a few years ago when you could get an argument going on the use of the computer *vs.* the man in advertising agencies, but this has subsided. The computer is recognized as necessary in any sizable operation, but its judgmental limitations also are admitted.



Over the last ten years I probably have read or scanned some 5,000 speeches by advertising men (and heaven knows how many before that), and the more I read the more bemused I become. Some people assume the longer a person is involved with an activity, the more sense he can make of it. That may be true in some fields, but not in one peopled with the volatile types associated with the advertising—and particularly the advertising agency—business.

Try these two for size:

Kenneth E. Runyon, vice president for account services of Gardner Advertising: "An advertising agency, because of its consumer orientation is ideally suited to make major contributions to marketing. An advertising agency that is worth its salt must be totally involved in marketing. . . ."

Frederic Papert, chairman, Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc.: "Marketing-oriented advertising agencies are run by marketing men. Advertising-oriented agencies are run by ad-makers. It's that simple. . . . Study recent agency history and you won't find a single case of a marketing agency becoming a creative agency. . . . Some don't really believe in advertisements. What they believe in is what they were raised on: The Plan, The Chart, The Strategy."

One way you can still produce sparks is to bring up the subject of humor in advertising. The humor proponents—a relatively small crew because humor isn't come by easily—are up against what they refer to as the "gastro-intestinal school of advertising," sometimes referred to as the hard sell. For two opposing viewpoints, consider these:

The late all-time, all-American advertising man, Claude C. Hopkins, in *My Life in Advertising*: "Frivolity has no place in advertising. Nor has humor. Spending money is usually serious business. . . . Such subjects should not be treated lightly. No writer who really knows the average person will ever treat it lightly. . . . Appeal for money in a lightsome way and you will never get it."

Stan Freberg, of Freberg, Ltd., on two different occasions: "I am still in the advertising business because it is a challenge to me to prove that advertising does not have to be dull or nauseating. Striking and entertaining advertising wins the respect and support of the consumer. . . . All humor is a weapon, sometimes a rather cruel weapon. That same weapon can be shaped to a purpose. That is what I try to do in selling a product. I may amuse the listener. But I never forget that my goal is to sell the product."

Well, there you have it. And if you're writing a textbook, try to filter some hard and fast rules on advertising from these quotes. You have our best wishes.

—JOSEPH KASELOW.

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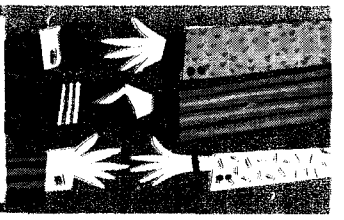
Public Relations



Small Town, Big Company

THE BIGGER the corporation, the more visible it is to the general public. While this fact creates public relations problems for big companies in big cities, it creates especially nettlesome problems for big companies in small towns.

It is essential, for example, for such a corporation not to be overpaternalistic. The "company town" is the last thing a good corporation wants. Yet it must have good schools, good recreational facilities, modern town services, and satisfactory cultural activities. How can it get them without playing the dangerous game of Big Brother?

Let's look at the Dow Chemical Company, a prime example of a big corporation in a small town. It is located in Midland, Michigan, which has a population of fewer than 30,000. The importance of the company to the area is suggested by the fact that out of a total Midland County work force of about 19,000 in non-agricultural categories, some 12,500 work for Dow.

Clearly, it would be tempting for the company to throw its weight around. But Dow doesn't. Instead of muscle, it uses quiet persuasion.

Dow recognizes that, first of all, it must be the good citizen, participating as a company in the development of worthwhile activities without running them or controlling them. And Dow accepts this responsibility fully. It goes out of its way to avoid publicizing its good deeds, yet there is scarcely a community project of value that the company doesn't support. At the same time, it realizes that the best thing for the town is for its enterprises to be managed and supported by all its citizens, not the company alone, and it therefore emphasizes to its employees, whether they are on the City Council, on the school board, or on Boy Scout committees, that they are involved as private citizens rather than as representatives of the company. Dow's restraint is also suggested by the fact that there is no Dow Street and never has been. There is no Dow Hotel. There is no park named Dow. (There is, however, a Grace Dow Library, named after the company founder's wife and financed by the Dow Foundation.)

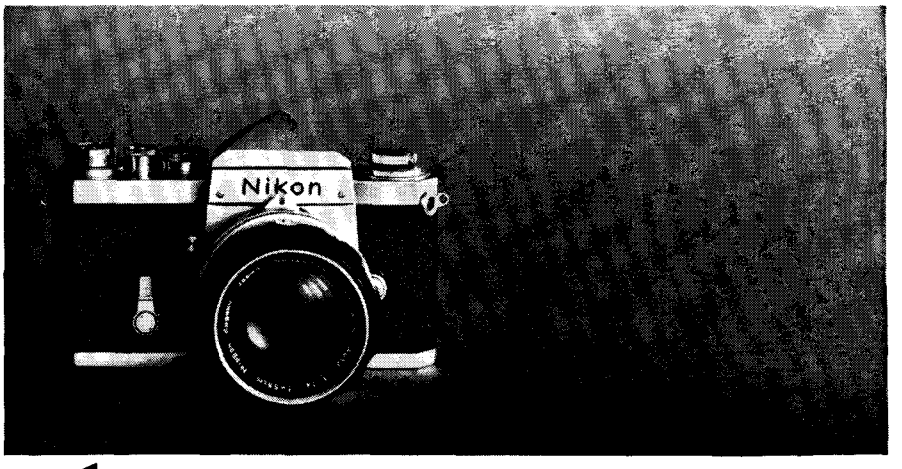
Dow's founder believed in the value of an excellent community. According to the authorized book *Herbert H. Dow: Pioneer in Creative Chemistry*, by Murray Campbell and Harrison Hatton, Mr. Dow immediately set out to beautify the run-down, worked-out lumbering town with its fourteen saloons. He encouraged the whole community to go in for gardening; was the leading spirit in the Midland Garden Club; served for years as the unpaid superintendent of parks for the town. He was also on the school board, kept the town's churches painted, and was one of the leaders in the founding of Midland's community center.

Herbert Dow tried, in short, to provide leadership without bossing the community. If it was wise to act that way then, it is essential now, for if anything will hurt a corporation it is either to run, or to give the impression of running, a community's affairs. What's more, unless the whole community supports an activity, it cannot continue; money alone cannot keep it alive. A clear example of the company's policy of local improvement by the people themselves was offered earlier this year in a speech made by Herbert D. Doan, president of Dow Chemical, before the Midland Rotary Club. After mentioning some of the town's good points, but also suggesting that it is "a little too provincial, a little too willing to let the world go by," he outlined some of its needs: higher education facilities; diversity of population; cultural excellence. And he asked his listeners to work for these as essential to Midland's growth. This was not an "or else" speech. It was an exhortation to the citizens. It was the kind of speech the mayor of Midland or the editor of the Midland *Daily News* might have made, not the speech of a man throwing his weight around because his company pays 72 per cent of the local tax bill.

What Dow tries to do, in essence, is to keep in the background, helping all good causes but never dominating them; always lending a hand but never controlling. Like corporations in large cities, it must perform in the public interest; unlike them, however, Dow cannot enjoy any measure of anonymity. What it does is immediately known, for Midland is too small a place to hide.

Living in a fishbowl isn't always easy, but if a company must live in one, the Dow way is one solution.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.



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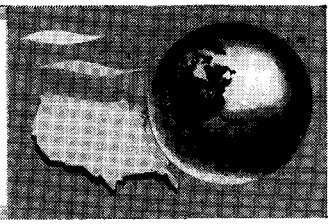
As Others See Us



HAMBURG:

No Retreat

THE PARTICIPATION of American soldiers in the ground war now officially decided upon in the fight against the Vietcong is the decisive American step across the carefully prepared second-line position in the war. An American withdrawal from Vietnam would now reduce the credibility of American world power everywhere. It would embolden the aggressiveness of Communist powers and revolutionary parties in other countries to new "wars of national liberation" by means of terror and guerrilla tactics. In Asia it would be taken as an American capitulation before Red China and in Latin America as a signal for new unrest.

Accordingly, a retreat is unthinkable. It remains only to fight in a treacherous jungle war. The Americans are taking this step only after long hesitation and with great care. They do not wish to rush headlong into the rice paddies. They merely seek to bring to a standstill an aggression that has gained military momentum and that, with the aid of troops from Laos and North Vietnam, has been raised to the threshold of a limited war. They are determined to employ the necessary military means in the hope that policy and diplomacy can again be brought into play after a solid position has been won on the ground.

—Die Welt.

PARIS:

Exposing the Facts

THE POLICY OF THE United States has four parts: to stabilize the powers in Saigon by pushing for a representative civil government around which the efforts of the nation could gather; to help the government forces on the ground to reduce the aggressions of the Vietcong; to discourage exterior aid; to negotiate with the interested governments, but not with the Vietcong, for a peace agreement acceptable to and guaranteed by all. On all of these four levels the balance is negative.

But the nature of Americans is such that they demand quick results. Public opinion would quickly turn against the President if he had only losses to show, with no perspective of a short-term victory. . . . If Mr. Johnson wishes to go against the current, the first thing he must do is to expose frankly to his countrymen the facts of the problem, and ask them how far they are willing to go on the long, cruel, and uncertain road onto which he has led them step by step. Until he has done this he can be sure to run into hostility, or at least into growing skepticism, and to disappoint more and more those who have given him their confidence. *—Le Monde.*

TORONTO:

Another Korea?

THE WAR IN Vietnam is taking a steadily more ominous turn these days. The Vietcong guerrillas have stepped up their offensive and inflicted sharp defeats on the government forces, despite the aid these latter have been getting from United States troops and planes. In the air, the U.S. has likewise been stepping up its bombing attacks on North Vietnam, and significantly the choice of targets has widened. Until recently the raids were concentrated on military installations plus strategic railway lines and highway bridges. Now "economic" targets, such as port facilities and coal warehouses, are being destroyed.

The trend can be summed up in one military phrase which has become unhappily familiar—"escalation."

This could easily result in a conflict at least on the scale of the Korean War, with the United States throwing hundreds of thousands of troops (it has more than 45,000 on the ground already) into the campaign to crush the Vietcong and to cut off help from North Vietnam. If the ground war reaches this stage, there is the danger that China may intervene again as she did in Korea.

Direct Chinese intervention in the Vietnam war would, in turn, create the risk of a final escalation—to nuclear war. The sea and air strength of the United States is its main answer to China's vast land armies, and the temptation would be strong to use these to the full by employing nuclear weapons.

There is, moreover, a faction in the Pentagon that would welcome the chance of "preventive" nuclear war against China before the Chinese have an effective atomic arsenal of their own.

It is easier for an outsider to see these dangers ahead than to suggest methods to avoid them. It is generally agreed that a negotiated peace is the only acceptable way out. The U.S. Government has, in fact, attempted to bring this about, but its efforts have been snubbed by the Communists. Perhaps it should try again, and this time it might correct an earlier omission by offering to negotiate directly with the Vietcong.

—Toronto Daily Star.

NEW DELHI:

Defeating the Purpose

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S decision authorizing U.S. ground troops in South Vietnam to fight alongside the South Vietnam forces against the Vietcong when and if necessary has inevitably raised fears in the United States and abroad. The decision has evidently been prompted by the massive Vietcong monsoon offensive. It is an extension of the current U.S. policy in Vietnam. U.S. air support has been given to bomber raids on North Vietnam to an extent that makes the South Vietnam air force's contribution negligible. In South Vietnam, U.S. Marines and paratroopers on patrol have been moving from a passive to an active role. But the new commitment to ground combat implies the risk of enlarging the character of the war. There are Congressional murmurings against expanding the conflict into an undeclared war without a mandate of the Congress. U.S. opinion polls have recorded a higher preference for calling a halt than for increased military action. In the face of the Vietcong pressure, the South Vietnam military command's requests for combat support are to be expected. Now that the military chiefs have once again taken over the government in Saigon, it will be difficult for the U.S. to resist their requests without endangering the stability of the new regime. The disquiet in the U.S. over President Johnson's step arises from the fear of the U.S. being bogged down in a land war which it cannot hope to win. The U.S. decision to bomb North Vietnam had been taken as a means of compelling Hanoi to seek negotiations for a political settlement in Vietnam. That the present step is intended as further pressure to this end has not impressed President Johnson's critics. Their concern is whether it is not risking an escalation of the war. . . .

—Hindustan Times.

WARSAW:

Purposes and Protests

THE JOHNSON DOCTRINE means that the U.S. will be intervening with all its means in every country of the Western Hemisphere that is threatened by Com-

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munists. Analyzing the course of American reasoning, it is possible to come to frightening conclusions. If U.S. governmental circles think that it is really necessary to support all reactionary regimes in power, and all reactionary coups that have a chance to succeed, then as a consequence they should not support reactionary groups that have been removed from power or failed to obtain it.

Will the U.S., in view of this, and as the result of its own doctrines and political theses, now become an ally, mainstay, and hope of reactionary governments where they are in power? This would be a policy of a new Holy Alliance, a policy of alliance with everything that is black and backward in this world. . . .

—*Zycie Warszawy.*

MANCHESTER:

Second Looks

THE GROWING ANXIETY here about President Johnson's handling of foreign affairs is shown in a survey in the *New York Times.*

Mr. Tom Wicker, head of the newspaper's Washington bureau, claims that intensive interviewing in Washington shows that many Democratic members of Congress are "restive and unhappy" over the President's Vietnamese and Dominican policies and at what they regard as his "high-handed manner of making and carrying out decisions in foreign affairs."

The President's Congressional critics deplore his reliance in questions of foreign policy on the advice of a tight little group of aides and his reluctance to listen to critical advice. Mr. Wicker says he found that some Senators have detected signs of impulsive action in foreign affairs which is so contrary to the careful, shrewd politician they knew who customarily sought advice from all sides on domestic issues.

There is criticism of Mr. Johnson's devices for suppressing Congressional criticism and debate. His strong public criticism of press reporting of the Vietnam and Dominican Republic crises is also condemned by many Senators.

Mr. Wicker claims that the State Department "is shot through with dismay at a Dominican operation—centered in the White House—that many diplomatists and Foreign Service officers regard as having lacked subtlety and finesse and as having exhibited both philosophical and operational confusion. . . ."

The American academic world is another area where there is deep anxiety about the President's handling of foreign affairs. Among the general public, however, there appears to be general approval for his policies. Noticeable, however, is the falling away in support of Mr. Johnson among the liberal elements which supported him in the Presidential campaign and a new-found enthusiasm for him from conservatives who supported Barry Goldwater.

—*Richard Scott in the Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

LONDON:

The New Right Wing

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN absurd to expect last November's drubbing to knock the heart out of America's right wing. No self-respecting evangelist gives up merely because people do not listen to him. Nevertheless, the debacle of the Presidential election did inflict almost irreparable damage on one essential item in the right-wing creed—the belief that the vast majority of the country was already converted and merely waiting for a candidate to lead it into the promised land.

Mr. Goldwater's intention is to form a non-party right-wing association to build up a conservative nucleus across party lines, particularly in the South. This is probably a wise move. The new organization will give conservatives a more profitable outlet for their energies than milling around in search of scapegoats and new political candidates. But it still leaves American politics as lopsided as ever, with the Republican Party riding off in so many different directions at once that it is barely visible. Mr. Goldwater's organization is unlikely to show the Republicans the way out of this wilderness. Racist support in the South will be a diminishing asset as Negroes gain the vote, and it is difficult to envisage the Republicans forming an effective version of the Democrats' coalition between Northern liberals and Southern conservatives, even if Mr. Goldwater approved. However, by trying to cut across party lines, the new organization may have some small role to play in realigning the parties after the historic convulsions of last year. —*The Times.*

—*Montreal Gazette.*

Those Latin American Dances.

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Twentieth Century

Continued from page 38

almost equally great faults, as a man who served his country well and deserved much from it, but who was not the paragon seen by his devoted staff or even as seen in the pages of his own *Reminiscences*. MacArthur's instinctive understanding of Japanese psychology and his sensitivity to Japanese reactions to the occupation are well brought out, and it becomes abundantly clear that no other person could have carried out the early years of the occupation so successfully.

Gunther was quick to see that out of what he calls MacArthur's dominating characteristics, courage and ego, came both his positive and his negative qualities. According to Gunther, the second-rate quality of the majority of MacArthur's staff was at least an indirect result of his "measureless" ego. The author quotes an unnamed source as saying, "None of MacArthur's men can *risk* being first-rate." This defect in his staff was to prove to be a mighty burden during the Korean war.

Two of the author's few errors of fact are found in these two chapters, and their minor character is typical. In the chapter on the Emperor it is said that guests at the Emperor's New Year receptions were given small teacups to take home. They were not teacups, they were sake cups.

In the chapter on MacArthur we read that the general never had guests at dinner in the evening. This was usually the case; but on the night after the Korean war broke out Mr. and Mrs. John Foster Dulles had dinner with the General, and his staff did not interrupt them to report that the South Korean Army front had broken and was disintegrating.

For most of us, people are the most interesting part of history. This story of the people who have been making history over the past forty years is fascinating, and I for one am glad John Gunther pulled these character studies out of his books and put them under one cover. The essence of an age is here. Forty years from now the historian may have to write of the influence of computers instead of people. It won't be nearly as interesting.

11th Floor, West 4th Street

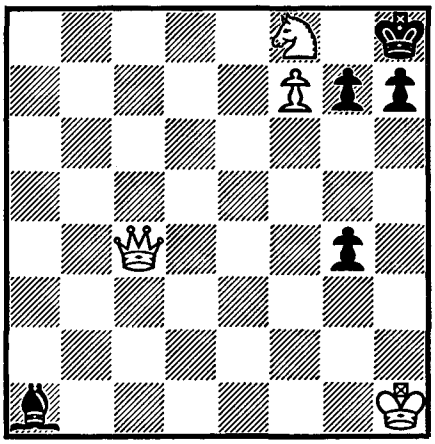
By May Swenson

FROM a little window high in a shaft
I look at many-windowed giant crates,
lit factories jumbled in the loft
of beginning night. Sluggish coils of
sundown lie low on the wall of sky
behind the river—whose glimmer moves,
a stamp-sized square of prickled waves
between tall rulers of the western street.
Blue-white light in the shells of the
crates that bulk their corners on the valley
of beginning night; light-riddled the trough
of the southern street where trinket-vehicles
double-trickle to the anvil-end of Manhattan,
toward the squat trunks of towers.
Their jutting tops curved or coned,
crossed with wires of windowed light,
lift stiff and slender into the high apse
of night. In space, at level of my eye,
the early dark is clean of objects,
except three: the new emphatic moon
a comma of light, and two flies of light
that wigwag red and green, crawling a pane
of slate into the east.

The ruddy smudge
has darkened on the wall now, low by the river.
Copper-green, the drape of maturing night
rides down in loops of shadow to the street.
I see along its edges slow dolls,
dressed in thickening cloth of dark,
pushing their shades like barrows as they
walk beneath the trinket-lamps. And all the
upright radiant walls, the jagged lighted gorge
of the southern street, is theirs—
their scene, their stage, their making—
soft innocuous puppets there below
wobbling on the sidewalks of their show.

Chess Corner—No. 97

THE KING of American chess problem composers, Sam Loyd, stressed beauty, wit, and difficulty in his works, as opposed to the emphasis of the modern masters on theme, form and economy. The composition below, almost 100 years old, is one of the most delightful of the Loyd repertoire. White is to play and mate in three moves.



1 Q-KB1 ....

Of all the moves at White's command, this is the only one that will succeed while maintaining a correct defense. To understand it, the solver should ask himself what, if anything, it threatens. To answer that, the solver must assume for a moment that it is again White's move. White would then play 2 Q-QN1, threatening mate by 3 QxP. And Black would be helpless to meet the threat.

With White's threat in focus, Black must try to avoid it Hence, Black plays. . .

1 .... B-B6

Now Q-QN1 will not do. For Black will save himself by 2 . . .P-N3, when White will be unable to mate. But. . .

2 Q-Q3 ....

White renews the original threat of attacking the Bishop and menacing mate simultaneously. Black is without resource.

It will be observed that wherever the Bishop moves, the Queen will follow in its tracks. Thus, if 1 . . .B-N7 2 Q-QN1, if 1 . . .B-B6 or . . .B-Q5 2 Q-Q3, if 1 . . .B-K4 or . . .B-B3 2 Q-B5. In each case, the Queen will take a bead on Black's King Rook Pawn and Bishop, and Black will be doomed.

A side variation is still open. What happens if 1 . . .P-N6? After this move, White must be careful, since Black intends 2 . . .P-N7ch, which is apt to upset any calculated three-move mate. Against this move, however, White has 2 N-N6ch, forcing 2 . . .PxN. Then White mates by 3 Q-R3. —AL HOROWITZ.

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(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

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FLOOD BROOK HOUSE, Vermont, Route 11, midway between Peru and Londonderry. Cool, 1,600'—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 a day with dinner and breakfast (most people prefer lunch out). Come and try us—$6.50 overnight with a "real" breakfast, $5.00 without meals. Housekeeping apartment available. Gertrude and Robert Roessle. 802-824-5918.

PEACE—BEAUTIFUL NATURE—no TV, old-world charm, individualized meals, five guests. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

VACATIONS

THE YODLER—Golf, music, theater, heated pool, rooms, chalets. Stowe, Vermont.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

QUIET SEASIDE ROOMS with complete breakfasts. Red Inn, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

IN A RUT? Loafer's paradise! No honeymooners, teenagers. Mile to Pocono Playhouse. Pool, lake, lounge, dining room. WOODSIDE, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events, country auctions. Pool. 5 acre grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet. Restful. Informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Swimming Pool. Golf. May 28th to October 17th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

CHAITS. Modern, Informal. Integrated. Art Classes. Swimming, Tennis, Folk Dancing, Day Camp. Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. 603-447-2818.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack-trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

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RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Quiet. Casual. Trout streams, filtered pool, private baths. American Plan. Air-conditioned bus connections. Brochure.

SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

WINDY HILL, RD, Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232.

UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

VACATIONS

MANHATTAN SPECIAL VACATION WEEK—Theaters, Hotel, World's Fair, Sightseeing, etc., $85. Write SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 10019.

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WINDHAM HILL FARM. West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

MIAMI, FLORIDA. The Federal Hotel invites you. Cool, lovely rooms, ½ block to best stores, clubs, deep sea fishing boats. Summer rates. $1.50 day each, double occupancy. 35 Northwest 1st Street.

"GREAT THINGS are done when men and mountains meet; This is not done by jostling in the street." Blake. Attitash Lodge, North Conway, New Hampshire. 603-383-6652.

TRAVEL

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

YACHT CRUISING. Good selection comfortable cruising yachts—Caribbean, Greek Islands and French Inland Waterways. For further information airmail: The International Marine Agency Limited, BCM/IMAL, London, W.C. 1.

WANDERLUST? Visit foreign lands at stay home prices. Bestseller Books, 40-21P Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

LESLEY FROST BALLANTINE, daughter of the beloved poet Robert Frost, following closing of her school in Spain, will be co-leader with Earl Packer, retired Consul-General, of a tour around the world. We leave August 29th for Egypt, India, Nepal, Thailand, Cambodia, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Japan, Hawaii. Besides a superb tour we will enjoy special native entertainment, dine in selected typical restaurants, and meet important and interesting people. 37 days. $2,388. For folders, reservations: Transmarine Tours, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036. Telephone: OXford 5-4460.

GOING ABROAD?—Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ANTIGUA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter especially for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in investment opportunities, industrial development, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues airmailed anywhere, $10. (*An-TEE-ga). Caribbean Report, 509 Fifth Avenue, Suite 700, New York 10017.

SAIL AWAY on SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES. Hotel Beachcomber where good will and good fellowship are found within—provided you bring them with you. See Travel Agent.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area. Only one block from non-stop subway to the World's Fair . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV. . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

TOUR EXOTIC North Africa with AFA! Greco-Roman ruins, glamorous resorts. Lecturer from Metropolitan Museum. September 14th-October 5th. American Federation of Arts, 41 East 65th Street, NYC 10021.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1631

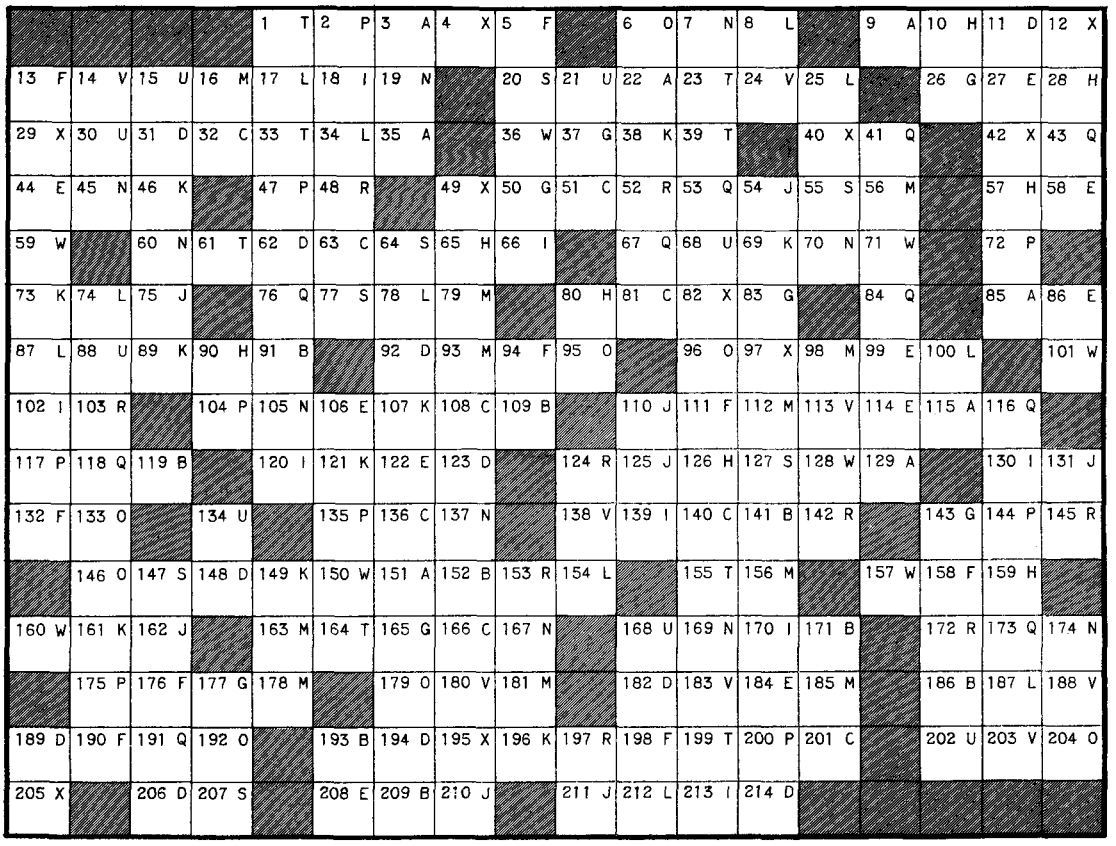
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. With the thin, cutting side of something foremost; figuratively, barely, scarcely.	9 151 115 22 129 3 35 85
B. Fresh from the commission of crime (comp.)	171 152 193 209 186 141 91 119 109
C. What the First Murderer in *Macbeth* said he would set his life on, so that he could lose it, he was so weary of it (2 wds.)	136 63 201 51 81 32 140 166 108
D. Bavarian city, ancient Roman Bipontium, frequently bombed for war factories in World War II.	189 182 62 31 92 148 206 11 214 194 123
E. Any tool used for implementing special, or rather delicate, operations.	99 86 27 208 122 114 44 106 58 184
F. Mountainous county in New York state W of Albany.	5 94 158 132 111 176 198 190 13
G. What the common seaman was said to sail before (2 wds.)	177 37 26 83 165 50 143
H. Expounder, interpreter, as of music.	159 10 28 57 126 90 65 80
I. Tibia, femur, patella, fibula (2 wds.)	18 170 66 120 213 102 139 130
J. Novel by Dostoevski, 1868-1869 (2 wds.)	162 211 210 54 75 125 131 110
K. Exhaustion or illness caused by exposure to very high temperatures, as from direct rays of the sun, glass-blowers' furnaces, etc.	73 149 121 69 46 196 107 161 89 38
L. Beautiful shape; the "grand manner," tasteful and handsome, of putting on formal functions (2 wds., not in WNI as phrase).	8 34 87 17 74 100 154 78 212 25 187
M. Specifying a large type of pendulum clock.	56 112 98 16 181 156 93 79 185 178 163
N. Where to find anything ubiquitous.	45 169 60 7 19 137 167 105 174 70
O. First port of entry from S and W in Japan.	133 96 192 179 146 6 95 204
P. Difficult situation, esp. if fraught with danger (2 wds.)	47 72 175 144 117 135 104 2 200
Q. Porcelain impressed with figures so that light passing through it looks like a three-dimensional painting.	76 84 41 118 43 53 116 67 191 173
R. A cosmetic cream in various colors apparently in increasing use (2 wds.)	145 142 197 153 172 52 103 48 124
S. Compressed, squeezed; distressed.	207 64 55 20 147 77 127
T. Unfolding; deducing.	164 61 155 33 23 199 39 1
U. Serving in a public position.	168 202 68 134 30 15 88 21
V. A formal retraction.	138 188 203 183 180 113 14 24
W. Specifying a condition of an ebb tide just before it turns (2 wds.)	160 128 36 150 101 157 59 71
X. Of the nature of additional explanatory material.	49 205 29 195 12 97 82 4 40 42

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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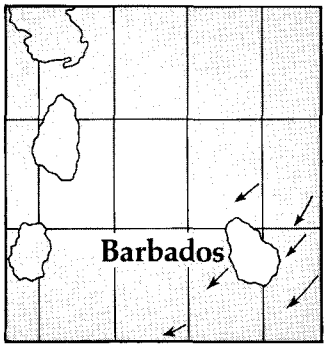
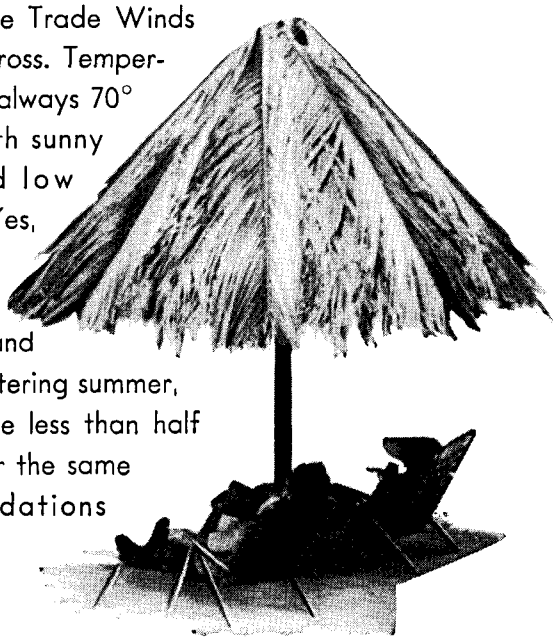
Why does Barbados have such low summer rates when Barbados has no summer?

Devilishly hot competition.

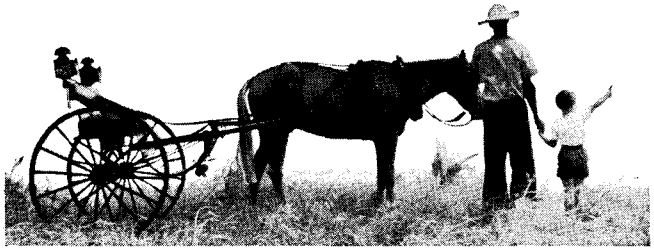
Barbados has one heavenly season year 'round. But we must compete with *resorts that reduce* rates when it's hot as the devil.



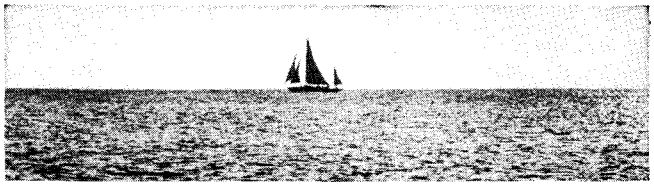
This little map shows you why Barbados doesn't get hotter in the summer. It's the Eastern-most Caribbean island. So it gets all the cooling Eastern Trade Winds first. There is no land between Europe and Africa where the breezes come from. They refresh Barbados first. It's the only place in the world where you can stand in Trafalgar Square and actually feel the Trade Winds blowing across. Temperatures are always 70° to 85°, with sunny skies and low humidity. Yes, you can come to Barbados and escape blistering summer, yet average less than half the cost for the same accommodations and lovely climate.



Barbados has a hundred and one new sights to see, people to meet, memories to bring home.



Where else can you order flying fish for dinner? Watch cricketers in the morning on the beach? Swim in two seas (the Atlantic or Caribbean)? Enjoy an atmosphere of British tradition and charm?



Where else can you stay in an old buccaneer's castle, as well as hotels, clubs and guest houses? Feel that everyone is delighted you came and sorry you must leave? Where else? Nowhere else but Barbados. The singular island that gives you hot summer rates though it gets no hotter in the summer.

Barbados

For complete information consult your *travel agent or write Barbados* Tourist Board, 355 Lexington Avenue, Dept. SA-2 New York, N. Y. 10017.

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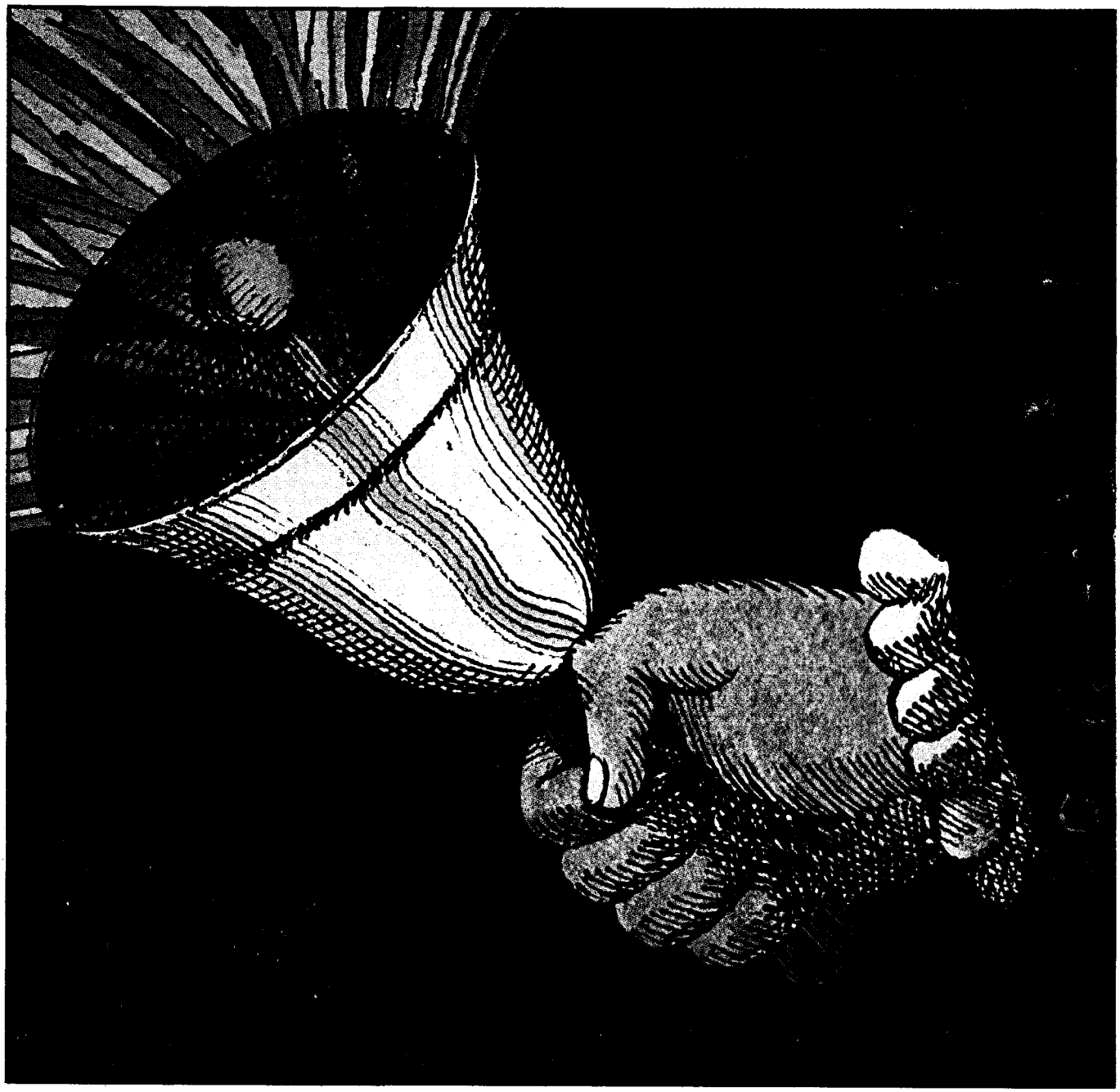
COMMUNICATIONS



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